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SEPTEMBER 1958

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the Vatican*

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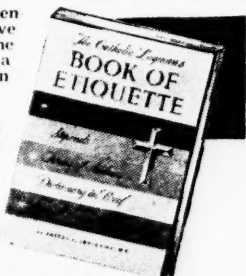
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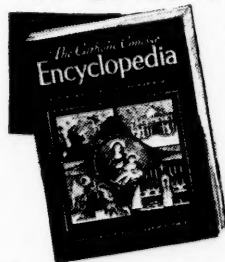
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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely; all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts!" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.



School Crisis in California


*Will it be the only state to
tax church-related schools?*

DR. ABBOTT BOOK hurled a verbal bombshell at his listeners last Feb. 25 at the West End Christian church in San Francisco. Dr. Book, an advocate of an organization known as Californians for Public Schools, was discussing the traditional American policy of granting tax exemption to private, nonprofit schools. He declared, "It is my personal opinion that all property, including churches, should pay taxes."

Because of events building toward a climax in California this fall, the remark has extraordinary significance. A proposition that will appear on the California ballot this November has alarming implications for all American citizens. The voters will be asked to make California the only state in the nation that taxes church-related and other nonprofit schools.

Should the proposition be voted into law, supporters of private grammar and secondary schools all over the U.S. can look forward to vigorous agitation for similar action in their own communities.

Since the founding of the nation, tax exemption for church-related schools has been part of the American tradition in the minds of most



public officials and private citizens. For a century, however, California levied taxes on private secondary and elementary schools. It wasn't until 1951 that the California legislature, by a vote of 108 to 3, removed the imposition. The measure was signed into law by Governor (now Chief Justice) Earl Warren. It was tested and approved by the state supreme court and left untouched by the U.S. Supreme Court.

This action by the legislature and the governor of California brought private elementary and secondary schools into line with private colleges and universities, which had been granted tax exemption in 1914.

The number of children affected by the new ruling of the legislature, a ruling approved by the voters at the polls the following year (1952), was more than a quarter of a million. By September, 1958, the number will be about 340,000. Not all are parochial pupils. According to a recent survey, California has some 1,076 private, nonprofit schools. Of

these, 643 are Catholic schools; 390 are Protestant; four are Jewish; and 39 are nonsectarian.

The amount of tax revenue lost by not taxing these schools has been flagrantly exaggerated by tax-the-schools advocates. They often quote the assessed valuation of school properties or the replacement value, not the tax assessment, and imply that this is the total loss of revenue to the state.

If all the private, nonprofit schools were taxed, the amount of money the state would derive would be only a drop in the bucket compared to what these schools save the people of California each year. Exactly how much this saving amounts to can be seen from figures released by State Controller Robert C. Kirkwood on what *public* education costs the California taxpayer.

	<i>Per pupil per year</i>
Elementary	\$267
High school.....	425
Average	345

If you multiply the average cost per pupil by the number of pupils (340,000) who will be in private elementary and secondary schools during 1958-59, you find that California taxpayers are saved approximately \$118 million a year because of the existence of private, nonprofit schools.

Furthermore, it would cost California taxpayers an additional \$350 million capital outlay to provide the land, buildings, and equipment to

accommodate children now attending private schools.

Would taxation of these schools balance the ledger? Not by the wildest stretch of the imagination. Such taxation would bring in about \$1.8 million during 1958-59.

A striking inconsistency of those who advocate school taxation is their failure to include in their propaganda any reference to church-sponsored colleges and universities. These institutions are not taxed and no attempt is being made to tax them—and rightly so. Such schools as the University of Southern California (a Methodist institution), Santa Clara university (Catholic), Occidental college (Presbyterian), University of Redlands (Baptist), Pomona college (Congregational), and California-Western university (nonsectarian) are on the tax-exempt rolls.

What are the forces that keep alive the fight against church-related schools? A defensive organization named Citizens United Against Taxing Schools has pinpointed the opposition in the group that calls itself Californians for Public Schools. The ironic fact, according to the Citizens group, is that the names listed on the letterhead of Californians for Public Schools include no public-school leaders.

A second force that the Citizens group lists as spearheading the fight against private schools is a professional petition circulator named Joseph Robinson. A third is an out-of-state invasion of people and money

dedicated to the destruction of non-profit, private schools through the imposition of school taxes. In 1952, these out-of-state sources, according to their sworn affidavits, spent \$34,000 to influence a California election.

A point at issue in the contest is the notion that tax exemptions somehow violate the principle of separation of church and state. This distortion of a treasured American principle has been refuted by the highest courts in the land, and has been denounced by spokesmen of all religious beliefs.

Francis Eric Bloy, Episcopal bishop of Los Angeles, has declared publicly, "Today, all education, whether under auspices of state or church, deserves the strong and sympathetic support of every citizen. I am unequivocally opposed to the renewed, ill-advised attempt in California to tax schools." In similar vein, Dean James A. Pike, newly elected Episcopal coadjutor bishop of California, has stated that the denial of tax exemption "would be contrary to American tradition."

A group known as Protestants United Against Taxing Schools has declared, "The Northwest Ordinance of 1787 enunciated the traditional American doctrine of tax-free education, both public and private. The real violation would occur if the state took money directly from the church, which is what the taxation they [the sponsors of the initiative] advocate would mean."

Californians are reminded by Bishop Aloysius J. Willinger, C.S.S.R., of the Monterey-Fresno diocese, that "all the 1st Amendment to the Constitution says is that Congress is not empowered to make any law respecting the establishment of religion or any law that prohibits free exercise of religion." And a leading jurist, Judge Stanley Mosk, president of the Los Angeles Jewish community council, told a Masonic meeting in Santa Monica, "The controversy stirred up is not justified by either the morality or the economics of the situation."

A closer look at the tactics of the tax-the-schools advocates can shed considerable light on what not only California but the rest of the country may expect if their efforts should prove successful. In 1951, when the California state legislature passed the school-tax exemption, an organization called the California Taxpayers alliance suddenly sprang into existence with the assistance of Joe Robinson. According to the Citizens United Against Taxing Schools, Robinson says he advanced his own money to refer the measure to the voters at the next election. In addition, he conducted a fund-raising campaign. Headquarters for the "Alliance" were opened in the same building as the Robinson Co., at 830 Market St., San Francisco.

"Apparently," the Citizens' report explains, "his (Robinson's) efforts were not too successful in California, for official records filed with the sec-

retary of state showed that funds were raised throughout the U.S. and from as far away as Puerto Rico. The argument used in obtaining funds from out of state was that the campaign in California was only the first of 48. As California had up to this time been the only state imposing a tax on nonprofit schools, this was to be the proving ground, to be followed by campaigns in all other states."

Despite the fact that the struggle was represented in some quarters as a contest between Protestants and Catholics, more than 700 Protestant ministers headed a committee to retain the tax exemption. Protestants, Catholics, and Jews turned out, to fight for justice for all.

When the effort to repeal the exemption was defeated, a suit was filed in Alameda county charging that the exemption was unconstitutional. While the suit was pending, an organization known as Constitution Advocates took up the cudgels. On June 24, 1953, a letter was sent out over the signature of one Willie Osburn which read in part: "This letter and the enclosed literature telling of the formation of Constitution Advocates comes to you at the suggestion of Mr. Joe Robinson." The literature referred to said further: "The Taxpayers alliance, the 1952 temporary campaign organization, should be replaced by a new, permanent organization, open to all former contributors and to friends of like mind."

Under its new name of Californians for Public Schools a continuing program of indoctrination has been conducted. Even the ruling of the state supreme court against the Alameda county suit, even a subsequent denial by the U.S. Supreme Court of an appeal, failed to dampen the ardor of Robinson and his friends.

In 1953, a nation-wide survey by THE CATHOLIC DIGEST on the question of government taxation of church property used for religious purposes brought this overwhelming response: 81% of the 104 million Americans represented in the survey opposed such taxation, with only 12% in favor of it, and 7% undecided. Ordinarily, these figures would be sufficiently reassuring. But with the present pressure of national and international tensions, strange things can happen. Only an electorate alerted to the seriousness of this new threat to constitutional liberties can take action in favor of justice for every citizen, regardless of religious affiliation.

As Dr. C. C. Trillingham, superintendent of the Los Angeles county school system, has said, "The American system of universal education consists of our private, parochial, and public schools, making possible a freedom of educational choice essential to our national welfare. As a public-school educator, I should support the concept and program of good private and parochial schools, for government monopoly of education would be tragic."

By Madelyn Carlisle
Condensed from "Coronet"***

Runaway Bus!

The football team hit the switchbacks at 110 mph

WHY JERRY TOBIN was at the wheel of a bus with no brakes careening down a tortuous Rocky Mountain grade at 110 miles an hour! Behind him, clutching their seats, were the 33 players and coaches of Western State's football team. Ahead was a curve with space only on its outer rim, and sharp waiting rocks far below.

For Jerry, a man in his mid-40's, Nov. 18, 1950, had started out like any other Saturday. Leaving home, he patted his four-year-old son's head and told him, "Take care of your mother."

The big school bus he drove for Western State college, high in the Rockies at Gunnison, Colo., rumbled powerfully into life when he started it. You needed a lot of power for the long pull up to Monarch pass. After that you needed brakes and strong gears to fight the twisting grade down thousands of feet to Salida.

As he warmed the engine, Tobin pumped the brakes. They gripped hard and fast. The gauge showed



that they had their full 115 pounds of air pressure.

They left the gym at 8:30 A.M. The players were lighthearted, talking of the victory they hoped to win over Adams State college that afternoon in Cañon City.

Only one player, Tobin noticed, did not join in. This young man, a stranger to the mountains, had asked Jerry uneasily on their last trip, "Is this bus safe—really safe?" Tobin grinned, and reassured him.

It was 10:20 when the bus at last reached the top of Monarch pass, altitude 11,312 feet. Gauges all working. Motor not too hot. Brake pressure good.

The bus started downward. Tobin shifted into a low gear and tapped the brakes gently as the bus picked

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up to a safe 30 miles an hour. Maybe he'd let it hit 40 on a few straight-aways.

Three miles below the summit, Tobin felt a sudden strange tremor in the wheel. From the back of the bus came an ominous thump. Jerry's eyes went to the dials. Speedometer: just above 30. Air pressure: 115.

Jerry's foot eased down on the brake. A chill of horror ran through him. The pedal went to the floor!

The pressure gauge now read 30. As if moved by a ghostly hand, the gear lever jerked. The bus leaped forward.

Tobin knew the sickening truth. The gears, like the brakes, were operated by air pressure. Below 65 pounds the gear lever had automatically gone from second to neutral and remained there. He pulled the emergency hand brake, but that was like trying to stop the 12-ton juggernaut with a feather. The bus was coasting wild.

Not a man aboard had any doubt as to what had happened. "Ditch it!" someone yelled. "Run it into the bank!" But the rock wall on the inside was a gray blur.

"Can you?" Coach Joe Thomas shouted into Jerry's ear.

"Going too fast! Got to ride it down."

Even as the words came from his lips, Tobin knew how crazy that was: 17 miles, all downhill; six curves, counting three switchbacks, built for 40 miles an hour; yawning chasms on one side, jagged rock

walls on the other. And the big bus was already hitting better than 60 miles an hour.

If he could only get it into gear. . . . Joe Thomas had the same idea. Crouching over the gear lever, he pushed until the cords on his neck stood out.

"Try kicking it!"

Thomas stretched on the floor, brought his foot smashing against the gear lever. The metal rod began to bend. Then it snapped off.

Tobin felt the tug at the wheel that warned him they were swinging into the first of the hairpin turns. The speedometer read 110.

Tobin knew that curve. There was an inside spiral first, then it circled outward above a 1,000 foot dropoff. This was it—unless he could think of something.

Suddenly Tobin yelled, and they heard him plainly, for there was dead silence in the bus. "All move to one side on the turns," he shouted. "Right on the right turns; left on the left."

As the bus hurtled toward the sheer edge, every man aboard flung himself toward the inside of the bus, clutching at window railings and seats in a mad attempt to outweigh the pull of gravity. Tobin fought the twisting wheel.

The dropoff was there, right beside them now, a dark blue of emptiness. With sick horror, Tobin saw that, for all the living counterweight, the bus was tipping outwards over the chasm.

Then came a shuddering, grating sound. The bus was leaning so far out that its frame was scraping the tires.

Suddenly Tobin realized that the sound had stopped. The bus was righting itself. They were around the first curve. But there was another just ahead.

The players hurled themselves across the bus. Again, metal scraped rubber. Tobin knew a new fear: suppose the metal tore open a tire?

The grim game went on, perhaps the grimmest ever played by a football team. Left . . . right . . . left . . . each turn a screaming agony of suspense as the bus hovered on the edge of the abyss.

Even as they leaned out into space, a new chilling thought began tugging at Tobin's mind. Not far ahead was a worse menace still: an ore-train railroad. A train was due about now, Tobin knew, because on other Saturdays the bus had stopped for it to pass.

Stopped. The word was a mockery.

Tobin pumped the brake pedal—just in case—and tried to focus a mental image of the tracks in his mind. Suddenly it came to him that there was a narrow, rutted roadway running steeply uphill just before the crossing. He decided that if there was a train there he would try to swing the bus onto this trail. It would smash up, but some might get out alive. None would if they hit a train.

The picture of an oncoming train was so vivid in his mind that Tobin

was almost unbelieving when he saw that the crossing was clear. The bus shot across it, bouncing crazily, and even as the little roadway blurred by, he realized that he never would have been able to swing the bus into it.

They had been delivered from one menace, but only to face another: the first traffic they had encountered. A car ahead was going in their own direction, and another was approaching in the opposite lane.

Savagely Tobin jabbed at the big black horn button. But no blast emerged, and he almost sobbed. The horn, too, worked from the compressed air.

Tobin prayed that the approaching motorist would realize that the bus was in trouble and moving with terrible speed. He swung the wheel left.

The bus careened out of its own lane and hurtled straight toward the oncoming car. It was a wild chance, one in 100, one in 1,000, maybe—but the car went off on the shoulder in a shower of dirt. With all his strength, Tobin jerked to the right.

Traveling at almost 120 miles an hour, they had missed both cars by inches.

They were now rolling toward Salida. The highway skirted this town of 4,500 people, but there would be cars swinging out onto it. A truck came toward them, and then went past with a "whoosh," then a car.

They were in a reduced-speed zone. Tobin's silent prayers had been pleas for help. Now he prayed not

for himself and his passengers, but for the unknown drivers who might even then be moving toward the fatal highway. And he pumped the brake pedal. There was nothing else he could do.

Gripping the wheel, peering fearfully ahead, he pumped again and again. Suddenly the bus shuddered violently and the players tumbled forward in a jumbled heap.

Tobin stared down incredulously at the pedal. The brakes had worked! He pumped again. The bus slowed! 50, 40, 30. They were stopping!

"A miracle," Tobin breathed, sagging against the wheel. "A miracle."

Later, after a garage mechanic had discovered that a freakish circumstance had held the air valve open, Coach Thomas called his players into a huddle.

"Well, boys, do you feel ready to go on and play that game?"

No one dissented. Still dazed, they played the game and won it, 35 to 14.

Back on the campus, it was hard to tell just what the students cheered most loudly: the triumph on the gridiron, the one on the bus, or Jerry Tobin, the driver who led the boys from Gunnison to victory in the most desperate game ever played by a football team.



THE PERFECT ASSIST

A small group of American military officers and their wives were guests of President and Madame Chiang Kai-shek at the presidential residence on Grass mountain in Formosa. While the men discussed defense problems, Madame Chiang turned the conversation among the wives to her two hobbies, gardening and Chinese silk painting.

She invited the ladies to accompany her through several adjoining rooms to see her paintings. There were many of them, all done with the delicate brushwork characteristic of Chinese art.

In the last room, one of the guests stopped to admire a painting of a willow tree. "This shows the wonderful progress you have made in your few years of painting, Madame," she exclaimed. "It is beautiful!"

Even as she paid her compliment, she noticed with dismay that the signature on the painting was not Madame Chiang's, and an aide murmured that it was the only picture in the house that Madame Chiang had not done herself.

As she stood rooted in embarrassment, Madame Chiang took her arm with a delighted smile and said, "You have excellent taste! I love to find appreciation of good Chinese painting. I hope that someday I may achieve the skill of my teacher, who did this one."

D.S.G.

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How to Crash the Vatican

There were these two Hitchcock characters on their way to meet the Pope



MAYBE YOU SAW the *Holiday* magazine article by Aubrey Menen on life within the Vatican. The 7th paragraph of it stirred me deeply. "The Vatican is closely guarded," wrote Menen, "and you may not go beyond St. Peter's and the museums without a special reason and a permit. That is why every day hundreds of frustrated visitors can be seen peering through windows, trying locked doors, or asking the guards silly questions so that they can peep over their shoulders."

The words brought back vivid memories of the day when, Mr. Menen notwithstanding, two Americans *did* crash the gates of the Vatican, and lived to tell the tale. The tourists were my wife and I, and it happened like this.

In July, 1957, we were in Paris, attending the 3rd International Congress of Sacred Music. We had stretched the trip to include ten days in Italy, six of them in Rome.

The year before I had asked for, and been given, permission to dedicate my book, *Catholic Church Music*,* to Pope Pius XII, "the restorer of the liturgy." To hand a copy

of this opus to the Holy Father would, I thought, be a high point in its history.

Getting a papal audience, we hoped, would present no difficulties. Because of the Holy Father's incredible generosity in making himself available to tourists, practically every returning traveler we knew had seen him. Various Protestant relatives of mine had come back from Italy with glowing accounts of their audiences. Some Jewish friends, who had just come home, had seen him twice, and were wildly enthusiastic. Even the guide books we read so avidly gave details on how you tap a Swiss guard on the shoulder and say "Oo-di-en-za" to him and get an application blank, or how you go to the North American college and ask to be given a form to fill out.

Just to be sure, though, I asked my employers at Georgetown university to write to some high officials

*Dodd, Mead. \$4.50.

at Jesuit headquarters in Borgo San Spirito (at the gates of the Vatican) to alert them to the problem. In addition, a priest friend who was a classmate of Bishop O'Connor, the head of the North American college, had authorized us to call and convey his greetings.

As the night Orient Express stopped at Domodossola on the Swiss-Italian border, and a customs official pounded on our door at 3 A.M. (he was really looking for someone else), we felt wonderfully like a couple of Hitchcock characters. Best of all, we were a couple of Hitchcock characters on our way to meet the Pope.

We had overlooked one small point. This was July. In July, nobody who can help it stays in Rome. The Romans leave town by the thousands to make room for the tourists. Even the temporary Romans were having none of it, we discovered when we called Jesuit CHQ. The house was depopulated. Our "contact men" were disporting themselves in every nook and cranny of Italy except Rome.

A friendly Brother at the switchboard had seen the letter, though. "We were hoping you would get to Rome yesterday," he said. "There was an audience at St. Peter's. We had tickets for you." (We later learned that the audience had been attended by more than 2,000 people, so we doubted whether anyone had missed us.)

"When is the next audience being held?" I asked him.

"There won't be another one in the city this month," he said. "You see, the Holy Father is leaving for Castel Gandolfo on Saturday. The first audience out there will be on next Wednesday."

"But we're sailing for home on Wednesday," I said, my heart sinking.

"It looks bad," he said, "but I'll call you if I hear anything."

My next try was the North American college. I called, and asked if Bishop O'Connor was in. I had a message for him from a mutual friend in the States. "The bishop is out of town," said a pleasant but dreadfully knowing voice on the other end, "and if you want an audience you come over and fill out a form." (The bishop, I had the feeling, is constantly being regaled with messages of greeting from friends of friends.) "But the Holy Father is leaving for Castel Gandolfo on Saturday—"

"I know," I said.

Our contact at the American Embassy had an exclusive tip for us. "We hear that the Holy Father is leaving for Castel Gandolfo on Saturday," he said.

That afternoon, as we knelt before the tomb of St. Pius X, I suggested to him that since he was the patron of Church musicians and certainly had influence in high Vatican circles, he might take the matter in hand.

The next day, however, when my friend at the Jesuit switchboard reported no progress in sight, it seemed

clear that we were about to become the unique American tourists: the ones who went to Rome and *didn't* see the Pope. Although I had grudgingly resigned myself to this unhappy distinction, I had reckoned without one powerful factor: my wife. As she climbed around the Roman forum and the Palatine, swapping quotations from Livy with the guide, she kept coming back to the problem. At three o'clock the following morning, I was awakened by the sound of her voice. "I have an idea!" she said.

"Ordinary measures have failed," she went on. "We must adopt extraordinary ones."

"Like what?"

"Like when we wanted press tickets for the Paris opera and the American Embassy said there was no such thing in Paris as free opera tickets for out-of-town music critics. What did you do? You marched into the office of the director of the opera and said, '*Me voici!*' And where were we that night?" (Where we had been was in the best seats in the house—for free.) "We must use the same approach."

"I get it," I said. "We just march into the Vatican, and say, 'Take us to your leader!'"

"No, no," she said. "You *can't* just walk into the Vatican. You can't get by the gates without a permit. What we do is write a letter to the papal secretary of state, the one who signed the document giving you permission for the dedication. A sort of bread-and-butter letter. You follow?"

I followed. Next morning, after I talked to the concierge, an old Olivetti typewriter—one of the original Olivettis, I should think—was delivered to room 324. In the best ecclesiastical prose we could muster between us, I thanked his excellency for his kindness in having arranged for the dedication. Then I went on to say that since I was in Rome for the first and probably the last time in my life, nothing would give me greater joy than the opportunity, etc., etc.

There was one blank space in the letter. Neither of us could remember the secretary's name. I had a clear mental picture of the name at the bottom of the document. But the document was hanging on the wall of the Georgetown university glee club office.

A brief consultation with the embassy produced the information that the papal secretary of state was Monsignor Tardini. "It doesn't sound like the name on the letter," I said. "But it must be. Let's rush out and mail this."

"What do we know about the Roman post-office system?" said my wife. "Let's take it over to the door of the Vatican and drop it in the slot. That way we save a day."

As the cab pulled up in front of the closed gates of the Vatican, I stuck my head out of the window and said to the guard on duty, "May I leave this letter here, please?"

The guard looked puzzled. He glanced at the envelope, and said

something to his colleague inside the gate. The gate was opened and the cab was waved inside. It stopped in the little courtyard just inside the gate. "You go there," the driver said, pointing to the guardhouse. "Ask for a permit to go inside."

"Oh, we're not going inside," I said, slightly taken aback. "We're just going to leave this letter and go out again."

Inside the house two elderly gentlemen were on duty. Again I held out the envelope and said, "Could I please leave this letter here to be delivered to the secretary of state?"

One man smiled a friendly but uncomprehending smile. He looked at the name on the envelope, then said something to the guard, who in turn said something to the cab driver. We were shepherded back into the cab, the inside gate was opened, the guard clicked to attention, and before you could say, "*Arrivederci, Roma!*" we were being propelled into the very depths of Vatican City at 25 miles an hour.

There was something eerie about the utter peace of the scene. Not another soul nor another car was in sight. As we bowed along what seemed miles of winding road, my spouse moaned softly, "Ooh, me and my bright ideas. They'll probably meet us at the other end with bell, book, and candle."

The cab entered a courtyard. After a formidable amount of saluting, we were halted outside a large building. Again I tried my feeble just-want-to-

leave-this-letter ploy. We were bowed out of the cab and into the building.

"Wait here and keep your motor running," my wife muttered to the cab driver as we passed him. We were whisked into the upper reaches of the building. In the middle of the corridor was an imposing door over which gold letters announced, Secretariate of State.

It was by now hideously clear that the consensus in Vatican circles was that here were a couple of Americans with a letter of introduction to the papal secretary of state. We hoped they would take it well when it came out, as inevitably it must, that we were introducing ourselves.

A gentleman in a swallow-tailed coat greeted us. "Uh—could I just leave this with you?" I said faintly.

He looked at the name on the envelope. "Plees," he said, bowing, and led us into a small room to the left of the outer office. And here he left us, surrounded by three walls of brocade drapes and an ominous silence.

"Let's make a break for it," I suggested hoarsely. "I'll cover you."

"Let's try once more," my wife said. "Can't you dredge up a few words of Italian?"

The only Italian I knew occurred in the librettos of Italian operas, and the only bit I could think of that had any bearing on the situation was *Pace, pace, mio Dio!* Claustrophobia was coming on like thunder. We went into the main office and went through half of the can't-we-leave-this-and-go-quietly routine with ges-

tures. Before we could finish it, we were being conducted to another room, deeper within the executive suite. The gentleman, I gathered, thought we were complaining about having to wait so long, when here we were with this letter from John Foster Dulles. . . .

There was clearly no escape. We sat down to await our eviction as gracefully as possible. In a few minutes we heard footsteps in the corridor. The door opened and a pleasant-looking Italian priest came in. He was Monsignor Tardini's secretary, he explained in English, and he would be glad to see our letter of introduction. I held out the wilting document and muttered something plaintive about having just wanted to leave it at the gate.

He read the letter carefully, then looked from the signature to me and back again, as realization slowly dawned that we went together. Still smiling, he excused himself and left the room. "He's probably gone to call the guards," my wife said, but in a few minutes he came back with a colleague who turned out to be an American monsignor from Ohio. At that moment, short of the Holy Father himself and the ceiling of the Sistine chapel, he seemed the most beautiful sight in the Vatican.

We explained the situation briefly to the monsignor. He said hopefully, "Did you bring the book with you?"

"No—I never expected to get this far inside."

"You could drop it off and it would

be given to the Holy Father," he said, then added with cheerful resignation, "but I suppose you want to see him yourself. They all do!" We nodded vigorously. "There's only one difficulty about an audience," he went on. "You see, the Holy Father—"

"—is leaving for Castel Gandolfo on Saturday," I said to myself.

"—was supposed to leave for Castel Gandolfo on Saturday," he was saying. "But the plans have been changed. The Holy Father has a toothache, and if the tooth is extracted, it will delay his departure. Of course," he added, "it might also prevent any audiences. But you can never tell."

"I'll send this letter up to the *maestro di camera*," he added, "and I would say that the only impediment to an audience is—the tooth."

As we were leaving, he said, "By the way, it was Monsignor Dell'Acqua who gave you permission for the dedication. He is the secretary of state for ordinary affairs." Dell'Acqua! Of course; that was the name. "Monsignor Tardini is secretary of state for extraordinary affairs—political matters and such things. *This*," he said, tapping our envelope with his finger, "is an *ordinary* affair!" Perhaps sensing our impulse to crawl quietly into the woodwork, he added, "But permission to dedicate a book to the Holy Father? This is extraordinary!"

The next afternoon I was resting at our hotel when there was a knock

on the door. "Don't get up," said my wife, with one shoe on and one shoe off. "It's just the maid with my laundry."

She opened the door. A little man with a brief case stood outside. He stated his identity and business simply, as he must do dozens of times a day, but somehow it all sounded wonderfully romantic, like the third act of a Lehar operetta. "Special messenger from the Vatican!" he announced, opening his case and pulling out an envelope.

His Holiness, I read, would receive Signor Paolo Hume e Signora on Sunday at 11 A.M.

On Sunday morning, we found 15 persons sitting in awful silence in the antechamber of the audience hall. There were four priests. "We've never been here either," one of them assured the assembled company, after a while.

The master of ceremonies took us into the next room. After we were all carefully placed, he said, "All right—now everybody sit down. It's going to be a long time." But this time the ice was broken. The topic of mutual fascination was "how we got this audience." It had been touch and go all around, we discovered. The audience had apparently been set up at the last minute to take care of the desperation cases. One lady had had a cardinal pulling for her. Others told of the valiant effort of various bishops and monsignors. "How did you manage?" someone asked me.

"Uh—we had this letter for the papal secretary of state," I began modestly.

"Oh, how exciting!"

The master of ceremonies burst in and exhorted us to find our places. Tension mounted. I understand that it is characteristic of papal audiences that each one gives an impression of being the only one of its kind that has ever been held.

It is a wonderfully exhilarating experience. As zero hour approaches, more and more officials come bustling in. At one minute to zero, the *maestro di camera*, resplendent in red robes, comes in to check the names on the invitation list. And then, all at once, the bustle subsides and everything seems serene and relaxed. Even in unlimited space it would not be possible to describe the effect produced on a roomful of people by the entrance of Pius XII.

His Holiness greeted the four priests, who were in Rome celebrating their silver jubilees, gave a special blessing to the charming young couple on their honeymoon, and then came to us. "You are the musician," he said. The word has never sounded so sweet to my ears. I got through my brief "presentation speech" and handed him the book. He leafed through it, and said, "I congratulate you. I shall read this with great interest and pleasure."

My wife had made a solemn promise to our four children that if she saw the Holy Father she would be sure to give him their love. This she

did. "You have four?" he asked. "They are all *good* children?"

"Oh, yes, Your Holiness," she announced. "Very good!" (That this gave her a fearful weapon I realized one day months later when I heard her saying plaintively, "Paul and Mike! Stop fighting! Do you want to make a liar out of me to the Holy Father?")

We often take out the photograph that was made at that audience and reminisce over it, and wonder about our fellow conspirators, and think about the kind American monsignor

who took pity on the two odd-ball countrymen he found bumbling about the Vatican, and about the Holy Father himself and his willingness to make 17 Americans happy the day after he had a tooth pulled. About that toothache—even at the time I was sorry that in addition to all his other cares, the Holy Father should have had to put up with an extraction. But since it had to happen, I shall always be infinitely grateful that it happened when it did—just in time to prevent his leaving for Castel Gandolfo on Saturday.



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 54)

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 1. accede (ak-seed') | e) To agree or yield, as to an opinion; attain. |
| 2. intercede (in-ter-seed') | g) To go between to reconcile differences; to mediate. |
| 3. predecessor (pred-e-ses'er) | d) One who goes before; an ancestor. |
| 4. recessive (re-ses'ive) | a) Tending to go back; withdrawing. |
| 5. procedure (pro-see'jer) | j) The going on of a particular course of action. |
| 6. decedent (de-see'dent) | h) A dead person; one who has "yielded to death." |
| 7. concession (kon-sesh'un) | c) Act of yielding; a thing yielded; right to use property for some purpose. |
| 8. successive (suk-ses'ive) | k) Following without interruption; going along consecutively. |
| 9. secession (see-sesh'un) | i) Act of withdrawing. |
| 10. excessive (ek-ses'ive) | b) Characterized by going beyond limits; unreasonable amount or extent. |
| 11. abscess (ab'sess) | l) Collection of bacteria due to infection; "yielding of infected matter." |
| 12. antecedent (an-te-seed'ent) | f) Going before in time; prior; that which goes before. |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

Any henpecking at your house?

*If your wife lets you read this,
give yourself 10 points*

ONE OUT OF THREE of America's 39 million husbands is henpecked. So says the American Institute of Family Relations after a lengthy study.

Other surveys show that wives don't like the situation any better than husbands do.

A typical housewife told an interviewer, "I have no respect for a man I can twist around my finger." Psychologists agree that she speaks for the overwhelming majority of women. It is difficult for a woman to respect a man who lets her boss him around. If she can't look up to him, she can't be happy with him. Hence, wives who browbeat their mates aren't any happier than the henpecked husbands who let them get away with it.

The American Institute of Family Relations surveyed thousands of married couples of all ages and from every walk of life. They found that in homes where the wife ruled the roost, marriages tended to be far less happy for *both* partners than when the husband was boss; or when both husband and wife had an equal voice in domestic government.

Says Dr. Paul Popenoe, institute

director, "The extent to which one husband out of three is bossed around by his wife is almost unbelievable. There is more truth than jest in the story about the henpecked husband who said to his boss, 'My wife told me to ask you for a raise.' 'OK,' said the boss. 'I'll ask my wife if I can give you one.'"

The institute's investigations show that the more meekly a husband submits to petticoat rule, the more inclined does the wife become to put the screws on. Dr. Popenoe cites one case in which the wife kept the telephone locked up. Before the husband could use it, he had to explain who he was going to call and why.

Why do so many wives browbeat their husbands? For the answer to this question, the institute interviewed a large number of wives who admitted that they bossed their husbands. Here are some typical comments. "Of course I wear the pants in the family. If I didn't, who would? My husband simply doesn't have the gumption, and somebody's got to run things." "My husband henpecked? Well, I suppose I do give him a bad time sometimes. But he asks for it. His spinelessness is infuriating. He

lets everybody run over him. He doesn't have spunk enough to stand up for his own rights. Sometimes I get so mad I could light a fire under him!" "Sure, I take his pay check and dole him out an allowance. If I didn't, the bills would never be paid." "Those husbands who squawk about being henpecked have only themselves to blame. A wife likes to think of her husband as being masterful. She wants a tower of strength that she can lean on."

Dr. Popenoe's investigations bear out the foregoing statements. They indicate that in a great many cases the henpecked husband is principally to blame for his own predicament. He is likely to be weak-willed, overly submissive, lacking in initiative, and given to shirking responsibilities which he should rightfully assume.

Dr. Popenoe says, "If a husband jumps through the hoop every time his wife snaps her fingers, she feels frustrated and insecure. Her resentment expresses itself in picking on him for little things."

If you are henpecked, what can you do to regain your status as head of the house? First, realize that the odds are better than even that the fault lies basically at your own doorstep. Then, follow these rules based on the findings of the American Institute of Family Relations.

1. Try winning your wife's respect. You can't do it by being a yes man. Every wife wants to look up to her husband, but she can't look up to a man who doesn't have the courage of

his convictions. Don't be afraid to say No, and don't be afraid of her, either. Be considerate, and willing to compromise, but don't be overly submissive—that will get you nowhere.

2. When you think you're right about something, say so. When you say something, *mean it*. And act as though you meant it.

3. If you don't have your share of authority, the odds are you haven't assumed your share of responsibility in family matters. Instead of passing the buck to your wife ("Oh, handle it any way you like, dear") start making your share of decisions. Once those decisions have been made, show some initiative about putting them into action. If the front porch needs repair, decide whether to do it yourself or hire it done. Don't make it necessary for your wife to nag you.

4. Come to an understanding with

How often is it that we sing the praises of the mother, recognizing in her the heart and the very sun of the family! But if the mother is the heart of the family, the father is its head, and consequently it is the courage and strength and activity of the father on which primarily depend the health and well-being of the family. How necessary it is for the father of a family to have an intelligent, social, and Christian consciousness of his position and his duties!

Pius XII to French fathers
(18 Sept. '51).

your wife. Let her read this article. She'll probably catch on quicker than you do. For no wife who wears the pants of the family is really happy about her role—just as no husband enjoys being henpecked!

How Henpecked Are You?

1. When you're invited out for an evening with the boys, do you have to get the wife's permission before you accept?
2. Does your wife insist on picking out your clothes?
3. Does she take over your pay check, and dole you out an allowance?
4. After dinner, like most men, you are probably ready to relax in an easy chair. Do you instead take up your stand at the kitchen sink?
5. Does your wife make unexpected visits to your office to check up on things?
6. When you're with friends, does your wife make belittling digs, or ridicule your efforts to tell a funny story?
7. When your wife telephones you at the office, does your end of the conversation consist largely of "Yes, dear. Yes, dear"?
8. Do you sometimes have the feeling that you're "outnumbered" at

home, that your wife and mother-in-law (or daughter) are ganging up on you?

9. Does your wife usually decide where you'll go on vacations?
10. Does your wife bawl you out when you're a few minutes late for dinner, accidentally spill ashes on the rug, or forget to hang up your overcoat?

Score yourself ten points for each question answered No.

If you scored 70 or over, we congratulate you, you lucky stiff. You are better off than some 13 million American husbands. Your home is your castle. And although your wife may use subtle means to get her way, you at least enjoy freedom from the nagging and browbeating which beset the home life of the henpecked husband.

If you scored between 40 and 70, you're better off than many husbands, but there isn't much question about who is boss in your family.

A score of 10 to 30 makes it clear that the title "head of the house" is yours in the legal sense only. You may make the living, but your wife makes the rules.

If you scored zero, your wife probably won't even permit you to read this article if she sees it first.

JUST SELL THE SHOES, PLEASE!

A mother took her boy shopping to buy shoes. He told the salesman he would like a pair just like his father's, without laces.

"A loafer?" asked the salesman.

"No," snapped the little boy, "He's a bus driver."

F. Frangart.

Diet fads can be fatal



Trick food combinations and reducing pills are not good ways of taking off fat

IF YOU ARE doing a lot of mirror-watching, it's a safe bet that you are worried about becoming fat. And that means you are prey to one of the most irresistible health heresies of our time: the doctrine that you can lose weight effortlessly, and with lasting results, by means of a no-hunger, crash reducing program. The promoters of this heresy are: 1. faddists who take odd bits of inconclusive nutrition research and throw them together to make crazy-quilt diets; and 2. the no-diet wonder-drug sharks, whose pills and potions are guaranteed to "flush," "float," and "melt" the fat right off your body.

Much publicity has been given to the hazard inherent in obesity. Mortality rates for overweight persons average about 50% higher than for

persons of normal weight at all ages after 20 for all diseases except tuberculosis and ulcers. Yet doctors find that vanity is the primary force that drives overweight persons to diet.

Some women pursue their figure ideals almost beyond the point of no return. A Hollywood starlet recently attempted to slim down by living solely on coffee. Her diet was cut short, after two weeks and a 38-pound loss, when her sister found her unconscious and near death from starvation. Deprived of nourishment, her body had begun to feed on itself.

The direct approach of the starvation diet is more or less basic to all fat diets. If you deny your body the calories it needs it will lose weight by literally burning itself up. Such self-torture wreaks havoc with the blood pressure. In addition, Harvard studies show, a rise in body weight, the almost inevitable aftermath of a drastic short-term diet, increases arterial deposits of cholesterol. This is the fatty substance thought to be one of the chief causes of heart disease,

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. June, 1958. © 1958 by the Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

the leading cause of death in the nation.

Another danger is that many fad diets reduce calorie intake at the expense of the 60-odd nutrients which are necessary for proper body functioning. Nevertheless, Dr. Norman Jolliffe, director of New York City's Bureau of Nutrition, is inclined to dismiss the dangers of fad dieting because, as he says, "few people stick to the diets. They are so unpalatable and cause such discomfort that the wisdom of the dieters' protesting appetites usually delivers them from their foolishness before their bodies' nutrient reserves are depleted." However, he is quick to point out that "nature's wisdom" does not operate for all compulsive dieters. He tells of a woman who for months religiously ate nothing but her own version of the "fabulous" Rockefeller formula. When she came to Dr. Jolliffe, she was suffering from liver damage so severe that she died later. The diet had killed her.

What the woman didn't know was that the Rockefeller diets had been devised for research purposes and had never been intended for use without strict medical supervision. The famed Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research in New York City had over the years been seeking information about metabolism. To this end, dozens of diets were tested. One diet, based on the theory that a low-protein diet curtails the desire for fattening foods, produced good results. Of 42 very fat men and women

placed on it, 30 lost about half a pound a week. Apparently, when protein was reduced in their diets, the overweight patients had less desire for calorie-rich foods. Although they were allowed to have as much rich food as they wished, they ate less of it than they normally would have.

The institute's researchers were aware, however, that many dieters are inclined to go one step beyond the doctor's orders and skip altogether the protein foods, like meat and eggs. To prevent this kind of over-dieting, they devised a 900-calorie-a-day liquid formula containing the necessary amount of protein. The formula was composed of corn oil, evaporated milk, and dextrose, with peppermint, coffee, or vanilla flavoring. This was the diet that hit the newsstands with such a bang.

The demand in drugstores for dextrose, usually reserved for baby formulas and intravenous injections, soared. One chain store reported coast-to-coast dextrose sales of a thousand pounds a day. Then overeager fatties began pushing the formula to dangerous extremes. Some frantic reducers even got the idea that protein caused their obesity. Finally, several articles in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, one by the Rockefeller institute scientists who originated the formula, alerted family physicians to the danger. The articles also pointed out that most of the patients on whom the original tests were made regained the weight lost as soon as they left the diet.

It's the same story with all the fad diets. You lose weight on them, but you gain it back when you revert to your former eating habits.

One of the worst fad diets ever foisted on the American public was the Hollywood 18-day diet. At one time, it was so much the rage that you could get it in restaurants. Like most diets, it was harmless if you quit it at the prescribed time, but it was deficient in vital nutrients.

Another lulu of a diet that enjoyed a brief popularity was the pineapple and lamb-chop diet. It was worked out by a reputable physician for a Hollywood star. "Choose any meat and fruit you like," he told her. Her choices, when publicized in the press, created quite a stir in reducing circles. Nutritionally, the diet isn't bad. It is high in protein, low in carbohydrates. But for variety, it compares unfavorably with the diet of an Eskimo.

For those who like a monotonous menu, there's no beating the two-food reducing diets. There's the baked-potato and skim-milk diet, which, if eaten with some meat, will keep you alive for a while; the tomato and hard-boiled-egg diet, which is fairly well-balanced and is supposed to (and quite understandably should) lessen your appetite; and the banana and skim-milk diet, still popular. These diets *will* work: you'll lose and live—but they are not guaranteed to sustain your sanity. They are excellent for penitential fasts and hunger strikes.

The pep-you-up diet is another rage. One day's bizarre luncheon menu is enough to drive anyone to high-caloried drink. Take a look at it. "Green salad bowl with chopped ripe olives, baked apple with skim-milk cream [this is a euphemism to end all euphemisms for skim-milk powder and water], a handful of sunflower seeds, beverage, and one multiple vitamin-mineral tablet." This may pep you up, but, unless you have a martyr complex, it will also wear you down.

The miracle-food faddists are not far removed from the starvation preachers. Blackstrap molasses, for instance, has been the subject of many exaggerated claims. The Federal Food and Drug administration has declared simply that "these statements are false and misleading."

Yoghurt, another of the wonder foods, is supposed to contribute to longer life. But the custardlike food has a nutritional value no greater than the milk from which it was made: it just costs about three times as much.

None of the health foods will hurt you. Wheat germ, brewer's yeast, and all the rest are fine, nutritional foods. But they are unnecessary supplements to the balanced diet so readily available everywhere in this country.

A balanced daily diet, according to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, should contain: at least one pint of milk, taken either directly or in some other form such as cheese or ice

cream; two or more servings of meat, poultry, fish or eggs, with beans, peas and nuts as occasional substitutes; four or more servings of vegetables and fruits, including at least one dark green or deep yellow vegetable rich in vitamin A and minerals, and one citrus fruit or other fruit or vegetable rich in vitamin C; and four or more servings of bread or cereals prepared from enriched, restored, or whole grain.

If all these foods are included in your daily diet, then you can forget about special-purpose foods. You're getting enough vitamin A to combat dry skin, enough vitamin B₂ to prevent premature aging, enough minerals to give you vitality and strength.

You have probably read the intriguing ads describing no-diet reducing drugs. A great many of these exotically named elixirs are on the market, among them Regimen tablets, C.C.P. (Calorie Control Plan), Ametrin, Hungrex, Propex tablets, Formula X42, Digest, and N.D.-17. But you can't order any of the foregoing through the mails.

The "newly discovered" wonder ingredient of practically all these drugs has been marketed on a non-prescription basis for years under the trade name Propadine, for use in the control of hay fever and asthma. It has properties similar to those of the stimulants Benzedrine and Dexedrine.

The drug is recognized by the AMA as an appetite depressant when taken in doses of 100 to 150 milligrams

daily. But the promoters can only recommend one 25-milligram tablet before each meal, because the Federal Food and Drug administration regards the drug as potentially dangerous in larger doses unless administered by a physician. The FDA further requires that any product containing the drug must bear this warning: "Caution: Individuals with heart disease, diabetes, high blood pressure, or thyroid disease should use only as directed by a physician." The only trouble is, the warning is always printed in type so small that it makes the fine print in an insurance contract stand out like a headline. And who, pray tell, will tell you whether or not you have one of these conditions? All are common in overweight persons.

Not all appetite depressants are dangerous, however. Low-calorie candies and tablets like Ayds or RDX contain no drugs or laxatives, and are fortified with vitamins and minerals. When taken just before mealtime, they tend to curb the appetite. In fact, doctors often recommend their use with low-calorie diets.

Bulk-producing pills like those containing methyl cellulose, while not harmful, are useless. Because these substances swell when they absorb water, they are supposed to fill your stomach and diminish hunger contractions. Unfortunately they don't work in your stomach. They work in your intestinal tract, where there are no hunger contractions.

Last and perhaps least of the

"miracle" weight reducers is the slenderizing cigarette. One brand depends on tartaric acid for its slimming action. Supposedly, smoking this patented wonder weed dries out your mouth and causes your lips to pucker, which, combined with the sucking action of inhaling the smoke, kills your appetite. You would be better advised to smoke dollar bills. It would probably be less expensive.

Since fad diets are a failure and drugs a dupe, how can you achieve and maintain the weight which will make you feel and look young? The answer is this: forget about dieting and simply eat like a normal human being, making sure you choose your foods from all the basic food groups.

Overweight is the result of an acquired habit of eating more food than the body needs. If you overfeed your body, the tiny appetite regulator at the base of your brain, which Dr.

Jolliffe calls the "appetstat," will become conditioned to expect more than a normal amount of food. You can, however, return the appetstat to normal, according to Dr. Jolliffe, by "purposely and consciously restricting food intake to a point well below satiety."

You can't reset your appetstat overnight, but it's not as tough as it seems. There are numerous ways to stave off the demands of appetite. You can, for instance, fool the appetstat with empty-calorie foods such as bouillon or consomme, or with low-calorie vegetables like lettuce, cauliflower, and cabbage. Or you might dull your appetite by eating half a grapefruit or a slice of bread a half hour before your main meal.

Whatever method you use, a normal weight level achieved through proper eating habits is well worth striving for.



KID STUFF

The vivacious little preschooler from next door knocked on our door bright and early, eager to play. My own sleepyheads were not even out of bed. "My goodness, dear," I asked, "how do you manage to be so wide awake, so early in the morning?"

She pondered seriously for a moment, then shrugged, "Oh, I just sleep real hard and get through quick!"

Mrs. Ross Prather.

"Mother," said Jackie, "When we have company for dinner today do I have to eat my pie with a fork?"

"You most certainly do," replied mother emphatically.

The youngster looked thoughtful for a minute. "OK, mom," he said suddenly. "How about giving me a piece of pie now so I can practice before the company comes?"

F. G. Kernan.

A Wonderful Life on \$5,000 a Year

It's easier to achieve if you are an able do-it-yourselfer

LIKE MOST COUPLES who married in wartime, Winnie and Bob Bennett were blessed with an incurable optimism. They knew the world might crash down around them. They knew that even when peace came there would be no certainty that they would be able to achieve for themselves and their children all the things they wanted. And yet they planned and dreamed, and prayed.

Today, on an income of slightly less than \$5,000 a year (after income tax, social security, and other deductions), the Bennetts are within sight of their goal. Despite an inflation which has thrown off the budgets of many families in the higher-income brackets, they have a better life than even they might have thought possible.

They live in one of the garden spots of the Pacific coast: in Montecito, Calif., a suburb of Santa Barbara. They have four active youngsters. They are building a beautiful adobe home with their own hands. They enjoy all the cultural, recreational, and educational advantages of one of the most picturesque and progressive communities in the western U.S.

"Most people are surprised when



we tell them where we live," laughs Winnie, a brown-haired, vivacious woman in her early 30's. "They don't see how we manage it. They know Bob works for the telephone company and doesn't make a fortune.

"Some of them may think we're aiming too high. But we don't feel that way. We're not trying to keep up with the Joneses. We picked the Santa Barbara area after looking at locations all over the state because it seemed to have everything we wanted for ourselves and the family we hoped to have. We live a wonderfully happy life, even if we do have to budget every penny. We've had our ups and downs, as everyone does. But we're beginning to see daylight."

Even for the most enthusiastic do-it-yourself fan, building a home from the ground up as Bob is doing (with an assist from Winnie) might seem a tall order. There were no sewers or water lines when they bought the property. Bob installed them himself after work while Winnie and the children stayed in town in a rented house. He leveled the ground, laid the foundation, even made the tile and adobe bricks instead of buying them from a contractor.

With Winnie helping whenever household duties permitted, he has been able to put up the framework for the entire structure. He has tiled most of the roof, and has completely finished the bathroom and laundry room, a combination den and dining room, and what started out to be a two-car garage but is now an all-purpose family room and bedroom.

"It isn't an ideal arrangement with everybody crowded in together," admits Bob.

"But the children are small, and the other bedrooms will be finished by the time they're old enough to appreciate them. Maria, the eldest, is only nine; Bobby, eight; Joanne, six; and Donnie, four. To them, it has all been pretty much of a lark."

Because the Bennetts have learned to budget hours as well as dollars they seem to have time for a surprising number of church, school, and community affairs. And each year they spend a happy two weeks on a vacation jaunt to Mexico.

Both Bob and Winnie are mem-

bers of the 3rd Order of St. Francis. Bob seldom misses the monthly evening of recollection at the Mt. Carmel retreat house. Winnie, a convert, is an active member of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and other parish organizations.

Bob, now 39, was born in Montana but has lived most of his life in southern California. He had half a year of college and studied to be a dental technician before a hand injury forced him to switch occupations. Winnie is a native Californian from the San Fernando valley. She attended college for two years, and planned to be an airline stewardess before Bob persuaded her to change her mind.

Both are well read. Both like good music; they have assembled an impressive collection of classical and semiclassical records, including a number of Spanish selections which Bob loves to listen to while he is working on the house.

"I can't always afford to buy the records I want," he says. "But I'm not complaining. First things come first, and supporting my family is my primary responsibility."

The telephone company where Bob is employed (he works in the engineering department) gives raises every six months up to a certain figure. The \$5,395.32 that Bob lists as his income is an average of what he has earned over the past two years. Deductions for income tax, company credit-union funds, and social security amount to approximately \$552 a

year, leaving a total take-home pay of roughly \$4,843.32. Broken down, it averages out to \$403.61 a month.

How is this spent? To begin with, the lot on which Bob and Winnie are building their home is clear. Bob had saved a little before he was married, while he was serving as a radioman in the navy during the 2nd World War. During the four years after he and Winnie moved to Santa Barbara, before Maria was born, he saved more. He was able to buy the lot outright.

"We consider ourselves very lucky to have bought the property at the price we paid," Bob says. "We got a bargain."

Despite the fact that they have no mortgage to pay off, the Bennetts have a long-standing policy of setting aside a fixed amount each month (it averages out at \$100) to help them buy fixtures and appliances. This money they consider their "building fund." Real-estate taxes come to \$15.75 a month, but they list this expense separately.

During his four years in the navy, Bob paid regularly on his GI life insurance policy for the maximum \$10,000 amount. He still keeps up the payments and considers it "the best investment a man could possibly make."

In addition to his GI policy, Bob carries a \$5,000 telephone-company policy and a \$1,000 policy with a private concern. The total of \$16,000 isn't as much as Bob would like, but he knows that if anything should

This is the third of a short series of articles on making ends meet. Forthcoming articles will take up lower levels of income and other parts of the U.S. Your comments are invited.

happen to him it would at least enable Winnie to carry on until other arrangements could be made. Premiums for all three policies total \$27.42 a month.

Another fixed expense, hospital insurance, adds another \$10 to their monthly expenditures. The grand total for "building fund," taxes, death and health insurance, comes to \$153.17.

When this amount is subtracted from Bob's take-home pay of \$403.61, there is \$250.44 left for food, school tuition, utilities, medical expenses, clothes, shoes, and insurance and gas for the Bennetts' two somewhat ancient but still serviceable automobiles (a 1941 Chevrolet and a 1948 Austin), entertainment, and charities.

The Bennetts are frugal about food but do not skimp. Winnie makes one shopping trip a week to town to buy the family groceries. She watches the papers for sales. There are some fruit trees on the Bennett property, but the Bennetts buy vegetables at the store.

"We save in various ways," Winnie says. "For instance, we use powdered milk instead of whole milk for drinking purposes and for making

puddings. We use half-and-half for our breakfast cereal."

One item which Winnie concedes will have to be increased as time goes by is bread. Up until now bread consumption has averaged between 36 and 40 loaves a month. As the children get older and their appetites increase, this amount will have to be raised. So, too, will the over-all cost of the family food have to be hiked. At present, it runs about \$105 a month.

Subtracting \$105 for groceries from the \$250.44 remaining after the various fixed expenses have been paid, the Bennetts have \$145.44 left for the rest of their household costs.

So far, in the matter of medical expenditures (over and above hospitalization insurance), Winnie and Bob have got off lightly. Apart from a gall-bladder operation for Winnie, which was performed before any of the children arrived, doctor bills have been at a minimum. Except for the usual childhood accidents, there have been only two injuries of any consequence. Once, Donnie broke his collarbone and another time he nearly severed a finger, but in both instances hospital insurance took care of practically all the expenses involved.

There have been no tonsillectomies, no appendectomies. There have been some trips to the doctor for shots and for treatment of the usual childhood diseases, but up until now the doctor has never had to come out to the house.

Dental expense, a large item for

most households with children, has been conspicuous by its absence in the Bennett budget. Bob, because of his earlier training as a dental technician, has been able to make partial plates ("retainers," as he calls them) when the youngsters have lost teeth. He says that retainers help to make for proper spacing so that future teeth will grow in normally. The children have had very few cavities.

All told, dental and medical expenditures average out to around \$18 a month.

As in most households, the cost of utilities for the Bennetts fluctuates with the seasons. California, chamber-of-commerce propaganda to the contrary, does get chilly in winter. However, since only the combination dining room and den and the bedroom-garage have had to be heated so far, heating expense isn't high. The Bennetts hope to have radiant heating when the house is completed. Thus far, the den fireplace and the gas stove have been sufficient. Total cost for gas, water, electricity, and telephone is a little over \$17 a month.

Insurance for the two cars runs to around \$8.50 a month. Gas and oil for Bob's daily trips to Santa Barbara and Winnie's weekly shopping safaris add up to \$18.61 a month. Car licenses average out at \$1.60.

Clothes in the Bennett family do not place a great strain on the budget, thanks to Winnie's eye for bargains and her dexterity with needle and thread.

WHERE IT GOES

(monthly average)

"Building fund".....	\$100.00
Real-estate taxes.....	15.75
Bob's life insurance.....	27.42
Hospital insurance.....	10.00
Medical expenses.....	18.00
Groceries.....	104.13
Utilities (including phone).....	17.10
Clothes.....	11.50
Dry cleaning.....	3.60
Tuition, books, bus fare	8.80
Car insurance (two cars).....	8.50
Gas and oil.....	18.61
Car licenses.....	1.60
Contributions to church and charities.....	10.00
Entertainment.....	2.50
Miscellaneous.....	32.50
Savings.....	13.60
	\$403.61

"Winnie's a whiz at making dresses and fixing coats," Bob says proudly. "We wouldn't be able to get by as well as we do if she weren't."

Bob may go a couple of years without buying a new suit. Since he is in work clothes most of the time and indulges in only a few activities which can really be classified as "social," he gets by on a slender wardrobe. A lot of his work clothes are hand-me-downs from his brother. Dress shoes average about a pair a year.

Winnie makes most of her own

and the children's clothes. For \$4 she can buy enough material to make two school uniforms for Maria. Old dresses, suits, and coats are streamlined periodically with surprisingly good results, so that no one goes out feeling like a poor relation. Bobby, like Maria a pupil at Mt. Carmel parochial school, is the only one whose clothes are store-bought. He has to have a minimum of two pairs of corduroys a year, costing \$5 apiece, and these, like his shirts, have defied Winnie's ability to improvise.

Shoes, a seemingly never-ending expense for most parents, have not caused any major upheavals with the Bennetts so far.

"Either the shoes we buy are exceptionally tough or our kids are light on their feet," grins Bob, "but each pair has lasted close to six months. Most of the fathers and mothers we know have to buy footwear a lot oftener, usually every two or three months. I'm sure we'll have to do that, too, as the children grow older."

At the moment, Winnie and Bob aren't worrying too much about these added expenses. They think they can always borrow from their "building fund" or Bob may get another small raise. In either event, they are confident there will be enough to carry them along and provide for such incidentals as cleaning expense, which, with the monthly clothes and shoes outlay, comes to just over \$15. Haircuts cost nothing, since Winnie does the job for the entire family.

Laundry is another home-based chore.

California's parochial schools charge a small tuition. This expense, plus books and bus fare for Maria and Bobby, runs about \$8.80 a month. Church and charitable donations consume another \$10. Entertainment, consisting of an occasional church dance, a movie, or a snack at one of the more modestly priced restaurants, seldom exceeds \$2.50 or \$3 a month.

"Our big splurge, if you can call it that," smiles Winnie, "is our annual trip to Mexico. Bob reads and speaks Spanish and both of us like the way of life south of the border, the slower tempo, the willingness to take pleasure in simple things. On our trips we visit places that are only names on the map to most people. We love it."

The two remaining items on the

Bennett budget, categories marked "savings" and "miscellaneous," add up to \$13.60 and \$32.50 a month, respectively. The savings item needs little explanation except to point out that it is an indication that even the tightest budgets can often allow for something to be put aside for a rainy day. The "miscellaneous" item is a catch-all for the hundred and one different things that crop up in family living: things like First Communion outfits, car repairs, soles for shoes, shaving cream, and razor blades.

Like everyone else, Winnie and Bob Bennett would like to have an easier margin of working capital to provide for the added expenses that come with a growing family. They realize that even with insurance, a serious illness could put a heavy dent in their slender bank balance. But neither of them seems to be worried. They've weathered storms before.



BONERS CULLED FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS

St. Monica was the first noun and she lived with other nouns in a house called a convent.

The Council of Nice stopped all Hersheys.

One of the obligations of the 7th Commandment is that you make restitution. If the person is dead you are bound under pain of mortal sin to find one of his hairs.

Henry VIII sent a massage to the Pope.

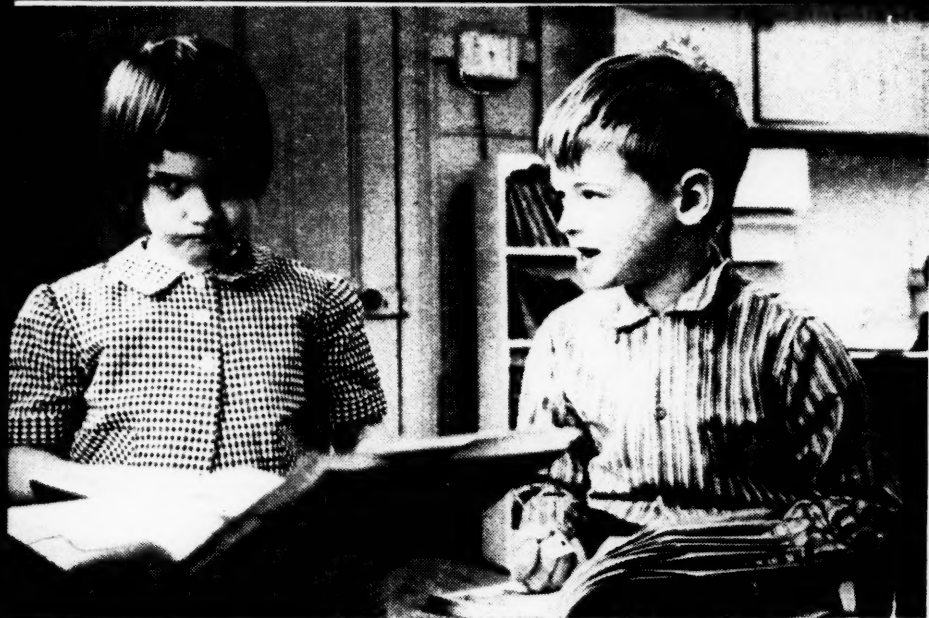
Bodies that are unusually well preserved after death are called spirits.

King Henry VIII said that anyone who did not join the Anglican church would be dissipated.

God's highest creature is the giraffe.

Definition: Ill-gotten goods—the presents you get when you're sick.

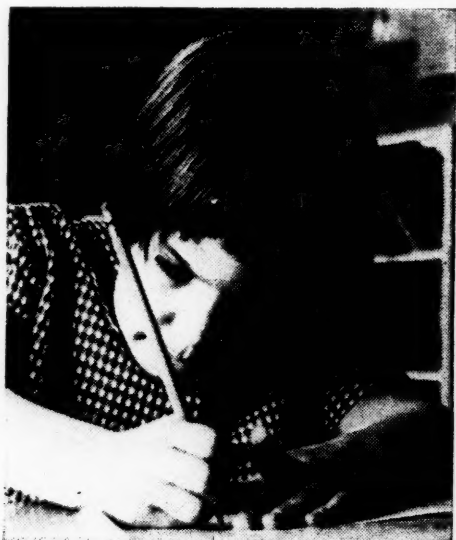
Three hardships the missionaries had: The *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*.
Sister Agnes Virginia.



Jody Marks thoughtfully chews over a new word as Larry Talt proudly comes up with the correct answer during a reading lesson in the 1st grade.

Larry and Jody learn The Wonder of Reading

*From "Look" Magazine
Produced by Patricia Carbine
Photographed by Charlotte Brooks*



Jody, with determined grimace, copies sentences from the board.



With teacher, Miss Pane, a reading group makes a dozen words from the root "at." All will soon be able to read and write about 300 words.



Larry is in trouble when he has to decipher his own handwriting.

Six-year-olds Jody Marks and Larry Talt, 1st-graders at the Thornton-Donovan school in New Rochelle, N. Y., are wriggling their way into the wonderful world of books. They are now masters of the alphabet, gaining daily on the elusive "sounds the letters make."

Learning to transform letters into words, then sentences, takes a lot of groping, but the two find it fun as well as work. They are already discussing favorite books (which seem to change from day to day) and a new discovery—the public library.

As readers, Larry and Jody have an advantage over the 4½ million other 1st-graders in the U.S. Because



"The cat says, 'Mother.'"



"But 'mother' and 'meow' look alike."

Larry reads from the board: "Ned and Nancy have a dog. They make a little house for Towser." Reading before the whole class builds his confidence.



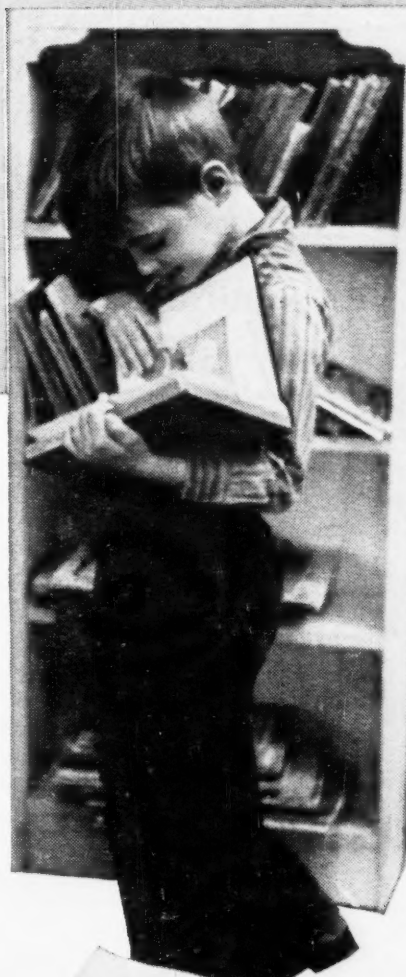


"Will I ever get it straight?"

they attend private school, they share their teacher, Miss Josephine Pane, with only seven other pupils. Miss Pane has split her class into three reading groups, teaching each group separately while the others do paper work. She uses sight cards for review, and questions readers closely on comprehension.

Larry and Jody will know 300 words by the end of the term. They are very aware of their reading progress. Recently, when their group got too lively, Miss Pane said they were acting like nursery-school children. Larry objected that "nursery-school children don't know how to read."

During his free time, bookworm Larry chooses a book of fairy tales.





Happy Marriage Guaranteed!

The Cana movement has the secret

CAN HAPPINESS in marriage actually be guaranteed? Yes, answers Father George Kelly, archdiocesan director of the Cana movement in New York. The guarantee, he says, lies in taking a Pre-Cana course and following its lessons to the letter.

Some 4,500 newly married couples in the New York archdiocese have taken the course. They know the answers to the following questions and many more.

What can be done about overbearing in-laws?

Should a husband be expected to do housework?

How do you stop your wife from spending money you haven't earned yet?

Is it right for a husband to expect a regular night out with the boys?

What is the Church's attitude on rhythm?

Is it dangerous for a woman to be older than her husband?

In many dioceses throughout the country, Pre-Cana conferences are fast becoming a traditional part of getting married. The New York program, with 26 centers sponsored by the archdiocesan Family Life bureau, is typical.

"You might call Pre-Cana a how-to-be-happily-married course," says Father Kelly. "In fact, I think we can be sure of a happy and holy marriage for any young couple who faithfully follow the advice and rules we give them. It used to be that social status, economic security, and parenthood were more important or just as important as getting along together. What matters most to young people today is the happiness they get out of living together. We try to analyze that happiness for them, teach them the proper approach to the vocation of marriage."

Pre-Cana conferences last about two hours each: total time for the

*Union City, N. J. May, 1958. © 1958 by the Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

whole course is eight hours. The opening and closing conferences are conducted by a priest. On the second night, couples listen to a Catholic doctor discuss physical aspects of marriage. On the third night, a panel of Catholic couples discuss their experiences in marriage and answer questions on everyday problems. A priest acts as moderator at every meeting.

"The panel of married couples, all of whom are members of our Christian Family movement, usually steal the show," says Father Kelly. "We priests can talk all we want to about marriage, but when the youngsters hear these happily married husbands and wives discuss what it's like to be married and see the love and respect they have for each other, they're really impressed."

On the final evening of Pre-Cana, the young couples kneel at Benediction and read aloud prayers from the nuptial Mass. At one point, the priest asks the young brides-to-be to hold out their engagement rings for blessing.

"This is the part the girls seem to like very much," says Father Kelly, "whereas the boys tell me that what they really appreciate is the emphasis we give to the importance, the dignity, of the man in marriage. It is the girls who bring in their fiancés for the talks, but by the end of the discussions it seems to be the young men who are most eager to come; they ask the most questions and seem even more enthusiastic than girls."

Pre-Cana is nationwide, a natural outgrowth of the Cana movement. The name recalls the marriage feast at Cana where Christ performed his first public miracle.

The Cana movement began back in 1943 with the efforts of Father John P. Delaney, S.J., in New York City to hold Family Renewal days for married people. However, it wasn't until 1944 that the name Cana was attached to the meetings by Father Edward P. Dowling, S.J., of St. Louis.

After the 2nd World War, Cana and Pre-Cana activity became an ordinary part of parish life in the Midwest and then spread to the East. Today, Cana can be found in 90 American dioceses.

Pre-Cana conferences held in the basement of St. Jerome's parish house in the Bronx are typical. It's a Friday evening. Several young couples are lining up chairs, placing ash trays, distributing cards and pencils for the all-important question-and-answer period.

As newcomers enter, a smiling young priest greets them. He is Father Stephen J. Kelleher, the moderator for the meeting.

The couples take their seats almost shyly. Some look self-conscious. A very young couple, she in loafers and sports clothes, he with a bright plaid windbreaker and dungarees, take seats in the back row, and giggle. In all, 20 couples are present for the conference.

"We've had up to 70 couples, de-

pending on the season," explains Father Kelleher. "Tonight is about average."

A couple of girls without escorts enter and look around dubiously. The older of the two approaches Father Kelleher. "Her fiancé is out in California and taking his Pre-Cana course there," she says with a nod toward her companion. "She wants to know as much as he does, so can she make her Pre-Cana here? And can I stay with her so she won't be alone?"

Father Kelleher readily agrees.

"We've even had a few married couples ask permission to attend," he says. "They didn't know about Pre-Cana when they got married, and they don't want to miss out on anything that will help them stay happily married. Of course, they're always welcomed."

The panel takes its place at the front of the room, and the conversational buzz dies down. The about-to-be-marrieds stare expectantly at the marrieds and the marrieds smile back happily. They are Daniel and Ann Cunningham, married for 15 years, with six children; John and Marie Walzer, 16 years, with three children; Edward and Catherine O'Brien, 22 years and four children; and John and Teresa Grady, 22 months and one child. Daniel is an accountant; John, a New York City fireman; Edward works for Consolidated Edison; and John Grady is circulation manager for a magazine.

Father Kelleher opens the meet-

ings with a prayer, and then introduces the panel members to the audience.

"You've got 55 years of married experience facing you tonight," he tells them, "so take advantage of the fact and ask plenty of questions."

There is a little hesitancy in the air as the couples take up the first subject that Father Kelleher suggests they explore: money.

"Let's start by finding out who handles the money in your house," he says to the panel.

The consensus of opinion is that it is best for husband and wife to plan big expenditures together. The wife can handle day-to-day expenditures, but both husband and wife should work out the family budget and know what it costs to run a home.

"By the way," Father Kelleher asks the audience, "do any of you know what it costs to run a home?"

A voice speaks up quickly from the audience. "Look, all we want to do is get married—don't start trouble already."

The place breaks into laughter. From then on the air is clearer, bright with quips, Father Kelleher's prominent among them.

In quick succession the panel takes up a variety of subjects, including: "Should the wife work?" (not unless absolutely necessary for a brief time to help with emergency bills, such as medical expenses); "What to do about in-laws?" (be pleasant, respectful but firm); recre-

ation (whenever possible, shared, but don't nag when one or the other partner "takes an evening off" for a legitimate reason: marriages weren't meant to smother individuality); quarrels (they're bound to occur but can be eliminated if each tries sincerely to see the other's viewpoint).

"What about moodiness?" asks a young man in the front row. His fiancée gives him an astonished look. "I've heard that women get awful moody."

The panel husbands all agree that this can happen. So do the panel wives. "But husbands can be even moodier," says Mrs. O'Brien.

"When the husband doesn't bother to tell his wife what he is thinking or the wife gives up talking over things with her husband, no matter how small they are," points out John Grady, "that is when trouble begins. You must communicate with each other always."

It is on the subject of religion in the home that the panel makes its deepest impression on the attentive audience.

"What has religion meant to your marriage?" Father Kelleher asks of each couple.

The panel members all tell how they find faithful and frequent reception of the sacraments an unsurpassable aid to a happy marriage. Other practices they recommend from experience: night prayers together, grace at mealtimes, the family Rosary, family novenas.

"But you must start right from the

beginning and get into the habit of sharing prayers," says Dan Cunningham. "Then it will stay with you always."

During an intermission, the engaged couples earnestly write more questions on small cards and pass them up to Father Kelleher. He passes them on to the couple best qualified to answer.

The questions run from the superficial, "Who signs the checks?" (Answer, "Either husband or wife, but first be sure you have money in the bank to cover them") to the touchy, "Who should be boss?" (Answer, "The husband.")

Teresa Grady shyly acknowledges, "When you're first married, it is very hard to give up your independence and let your husband make the decisions, but you'll discover that you'll respect and love him much more if you recognize him as the head of the house."

After Father Kelleher has summed up the evening's discussion, the couples kneel for his blessing.

On their way out, it is impossible not to notice how much prouder and happier they look. Even the giggling young couple seems to have gained in stature.

"It happens every time," says Father Kelleher. "There's something about hearing couples who have been married 15 or 20 years speak with such feeling and love for each other; it makes these potential brides and grooms grow up a little."

Testimonials gathered by Father

Kelly support this fact. This one sums up many: "Now I know how much religion means to a happy marriage."

Many of the testimonials emphasize how welcome the doctors' discussion nights are to engaged couples. "Our Pre-Cana doctors discuss the physical side of sex clearly and frankly," says Father Kelly. "However, they do not give a mere biology lecture. They emphasize the spiritual and moral side of sex relations."

Now that Pre-Cana in the archdiocese is soundly under way, Father Kelly is anxious to go even one step further. "I'd like to initiate confer-

ences on courtship for those not engaged," he says. "Pre-Cana takes care of those who are engaged, but it is equally important to help young people know how to go about choosing a mate."

He is especially pleased when some of his Pre-Cana graduates return to tell how helpful the advice garnered at Pre-Cana conferences has been to them in the first months of their marriage.

"I always tell them, 'In a few years you'll probably be on a panel advising others how to be happily married, so for goodness' sake, don't fail us. Keep God in your marriage!'"



PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

When I was only 18, I was the sole support of my widowed mother. I worked in an office downtown, commuting by subway.

Each evening at 6 o'clock, crowds jammed the subway: old and young, rude and polite people, all waiting impatiently for their train. An elderly, distinguished looking gentleman always seemed to be waiting for the same train as I. Somehow, the informality of a subway makes it natural to talk to someone without an introduction. Thus a 6:00 to 6:07 friendship formed between the man and me.

One evening I was carrying a package I had bought for my mother, trying to guard it from the jostling mob. The gentleman smiled. "Well, well, I see you have been shopping."

"Yes," I replied, proudly removing the wrapper from an inexpensive teapot. "Tomorrow is my mother's birthday."

The following evening it was the gentleman who was carrying a package, a five-pound box of candy. His smile was wistful as he handed it to me. "This is for your mother. Tell her it is from someone who wishes he still had a mother to buy candy for."

Ruth Shartel.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Salesmen in Cardboard

The inside story of how those cute little containers make you spend money

YOUR WEEK-END shopping gets more confusing every day. The ordinary supermarket now offers about 10,000 different items. You can't hope to be informed about each. As Dr. Ernest Dichter, the high priest of motivational research, points out, the shopper suffers from a "misery of choice" when he tries to decide which soap chips, what margarine, whose brand of cake mix he likes best. And no one knows it better than the producers of those 10,000 products.

They can tell you how long you take to select an item (eight seconds, on the average); how many things you buy on impulse (70%); how many packages you will buy, open, and discard over a year's time (2,000). Their goal is to nail down your choice for their brand and their product in that brief instant in which you pause to examine and select an item.

The package is their secret of success. If the package can reach out and grab your interest, causing you to drop the item into your shopping cart, it has done its job. Says Louis Cheskin, head of the Color Research



institute, "Shoppers are not conscious of the effect a package has on them. They do not know that imagery, color, and design cause them to take a particular package." But it's the package that arouses your impulse to buy and provokes you into spending for something you could do without.

You don't have to look far to see what such impulses do to your budget. Table salt in an ordinary pour-type package costs about one-fourth as much as salt in shaker-type containers, but sales of the latter type are soaring. Tomatoes packed in cellophane cost a few pennies more per pound than the same grade of tomatoes sold loose, but customers almost always choose the cellophane unit.

Nothing has done so much for the hardware business in recent years as the prepackaging of tools and nuts

*The Kiplinger Magazine, 1729 H St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C. June, 1958. © 1958 by The Kiplinger Washington Editors, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

and bolts; people can't seem to resist the costly see-through coverings on these mundane items. Gold and silver metallic wrappings on everything from soap to margarine often raise the prices of these items, but experience shows that the fancy wrappings are just what the doctor ordered for sagging sales.

A classic example is the candy manufacturer who used to sell a pound of hard candy for \$1 in a plain-Jane box. Then someone told him to put the same candy in an apothecary-type jar and raise the price to \$2.50. Business didn't fall off a whit.

Manufacturers spend upward of \$12 billion a year on packages. The rate is increasing by hundreds of millions of dollars a year. Much of this money goes for the functional purposes of packages: to protect, to make it easy for you to carry things, to permit shopping and display. But the proportion allocated to the seduction of unwary shoppers is substantial. Package designers are prospering (many command fat five-figure fees). And the experts schooled in modern theories of psychology have struck gold by applying their knowledge to the constantly changing world of packaging.

Generally, their teachings can be reduced to six principles. Learning them may not completely change your shopping habits, but you will be a better master of your shopping impulses once you know what's being done to lure you.

1. *The package must handle easily, show up well, recall pleasant memories.* Place an awkwardly shaped, hard-to-handle container next to one that fits neatly into your hand, and you will almost inevitably choose the second one. You will also choose the one with a label that is easy to read.

The touch that will really stop you, however, is the trade-mark or brand name embedded in your memory by years of advertising. Quaker Oats now takes half its box to display the familiar Mr. Quaker picture. The symbol gives a tug at the buying impulses of just about everyone familiar with the famous trade-mark. Its use on the package is a big reason why the cereal sells well year after year. Something you probably didn't know about this particular package, however, is that the design of the label makes the container look bigger than it really is.

2. *The color on the package must be right for the package, the person, and the place.* Extensive research has gone into the effects of color on impulsive behavior. Different colors produce different reactions in people. Colors that are best for some products are complete flops for others.

Just the right shade of brown on a coffee package will make you "smell and taste" that brand. Brown is also good for packages of Boston baked beans and tobacco. The ideal color for hardware is blue (suggests high-quality steel). Pink labels are almost indispensable for cosmetics,

and jewelry goes best in green packages. When tea was sold in blue packages, sales dropped. Experts claimed that blue suggested a weak beverage for elderly ladies. A red label put on the container caused the tea to lose its reputation as a delicate brew.

You won't often see green labels on things sold to farmers. Reason: farmers dislike the color since they see so much of it in the fields. There are even regional differences in the choice of label colors. People in the East seem to like beige; in the dry Southwest, cedar is considered a good shade by the analysts.

When Jello sales sagged, the word went out to make the package "brutally disturbing." That explains the bright yellow "NEW" on last year's Jello packages, and the generous use of dark reds and purples to suggest the raspberry or grape contents. Did customers react? They sure did, and Jello people are happy.

3. *A circle is better than a square, and women don't like triangles with sharp points.* One school of package analysts argues that a package label framed in an oval or circle will get far more buyer response than one framed in a rectangle or square. Say the experts: ovals or circles produce favorable associations, squares or rectangles cause the consumer to react negatively to the product.

As for package triangles, men can take them or leave them, but women will turn to another product unless the triangle has rounded corners.

Some of the country's biggest sellers of packaged items adhere strictly to this rule in the design of their containers.

4. *Nothing gets to a shopper's emotions quicker than an eye-stopping picture.* The expert who worked on a successful Cheer package (clean wash flapping in the breeze in blue, white, red, and yellow) asserted that the picture would produce "dynamic action." His argument was that the package says "Look at me!" It's only a step from a look to a purchase.

A favorite device is to make the package whet your appetite. The design of the Betty Crocker layer-cake-mix package is practically all luscious cake with dripping icing. Look at it and, say the psychologists, you forget all about the simple cardboard box and visualize a cake ready to be eaten. So you can't wait to buy Betty Crocker.

Another gimmick is to picture a simple staple dished up with all the trimmings. Do you buy Minute Rice because of those pictures on the label of steak, green beans, and rice? You're supposed to. You're also supposed to lean toward a butter package that shows pats of butter served up with waffles, toast, potatoes, or steak. This idea, the experts say, stopped the downtrend in butter sales four years ago. Now the ice-cream people are trying to do the same thing with pictures of pie alamode, homemade sundaes, cake and ice cream.

Arrangement of the picture is also important. A cookie box may show

cookies scattered at random or neatly stacked on a plate. The first produces "feelings of gaiety, disorganization, permissiveness. A mother might feel there would be no end to the number of cookies her child might eat." The second "symbolizes authority and control. One would feel free to take cookies from the plate but the number is limited by the number on the plate."

5. *The crowning touch is indispensable.* The use of the crest, coat of arms, Cadillac V, or other insignia on the package to symbolize something superior is one of the earliest and most frequently used discoveries of the package researchers. You may not even be conscious of seeing the crest, but your buying impulses respond to it. Displayed with dignity, the crest makes you feel that when you buy the package, you are one of a select few (maybe 25 million) privileged to have it. As might be expected, this practice has been overdone. Seven cigarette brands have a crest of some sort on the package.

6. *Old tricks of the trade must be studiously followed.* Some of these tricks have evolved out of merchants' trial-and-error experience. Others first appeared in psychology textbooks. Here are some to watch out for.

The exaggerated word. People tend to accept what's on the package, without really considering what the words mean. That's why the California Olive association uses such adjectives as "mammoth," "gigantic,"

"colossal," and "supercolossal" to describe its olives.

The enlarged label. The use of plenty of white space on a label makes the package seem larger. It was one of the reasons why Cuticura, for example, squeezed the list of ingredients onto the edge instead of printing them on the surface of the container.

The oversized package. The inclusion of used-blade compartments in the Gem and Gillette razor-blade packages makes other blade packages look thin by comparison. The very flat Hershey bar appears to be much larger than rounded or square ones weighing exactly the same. By putting oversized caps on their containers, manufacturers of perfumes and shampoos persuade buyers they are getting more for their money.

A bad example of this practice is the partly filled package, used deliberately to make people think they are getting more than they are. The practice is illegal but not uncommon.

There is one way to keep a step ahead of the package experts, and that is to ignore the package and concentrate on the contents. All you really expect of a package is that it: 1. provide adequate protection; 2. be honestly labeled as to what, how much, and what quality is inside; 3. be easy to handle.

So forget how pretty the package looks. Its charms are only skin deep. If you know when to say No to superficial allure, you will be a wiser and richer shopper.

Al Smith and His America

*After 30 years, the real issues
of his campaign are coming
into perspective*



CAN A CATHOLIC ever be President of the U.S.? That was the gist of an article by Charles C. Marshall in the April, 1927, issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, though the title was "An Open Letter to the Honorable Alfred E. Smith."

Now, as Al Smith looked at his own response in the May issue of the magazine, he had cause for satisfaction. Enormous public interest had been generated in the question. The *Boston Post* had gone to the length of stealing an advance number to score a beat, the *Atlantic* had been rushed by special trucks to New York to assure prompt distribution, and every important newspaper in the nation had reprinted the statement. No doubt that was all to the good of the man who hoped to run for the presidency the following year. And perhaps his answer might still the questioners.

Yet in his heart Al Smith felt a deep uneasiness. Could any answer,

no matter how logical, satisfy those who ought never to have asked the question in the first place?

Earlier that year, he had rejected Franklin Roosevelt's suggestion that he defend the patriotism of Catholics in the pages of the *Independent*. No defense was necessary, Al indignantly rejoined. And when his friend, Joe Proskauer, had brought around the proofs of the April *Atlantic*, Smith's response had been the same. All that mattered was the individual and his conscience and, above all, the record he had made.

In the end, Smith had been persuaded to write the reply. But for all its eloquence and sincerity, Al never ceased to wonder whether it made as good a case for him as had the practical achievements of his own life.

For almost a decade he had been

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governor of New York, the nation's most populous state. He had confronted the problems of governing an industrial, urban community. The battles he had fought and won were still fresh in people's minds: battles over power and education and social justice.

The ability he had displayed in those ten years had not come from books, but from experience. Even back in 1915, amidst all the learned men who had assembled in a great constitutional convention, he had demonstrated knowledge derived from participation in events. He could think back over his own career to the slow unfolding of his understanding of what government was, through service in the legislature; and of what government was for, through his exposure to the people's problems after the tragic Triangle fire of 1911.

And even earlier, before he really knew anything, he had been part of a society and had learned from its ways of acting what America meant. Many years had passed, and he had come a long way since he had carried his boy's dreams through the teeming streets of New York's East Side. Yet the faith nurtured there remained strong: that beneath their external conditions all men were equal. That was the valid response to those who challenged his religion. When the memory came back of the stirring lines he had once declaimed and still believed, he had no doubt that the American people would some day re-

alize that his reply to Marshall was but the spelling out of what his life had already said more eloquently.

The earnest young Al Smith had taken a prominent part in parish-club theatricals. He loved the play acting, the opportunity to speak resounding, sentimental sentences, and the applause. But he never liked to take the villain's role. He wished the audience to identify itself with him; if he could but be their spokesman, say what they wanted to hear, why then he would be sure to feel them always on his side.

What he wanted most was to have them on his side. Perhaps that was why, although he sometimes thought of it, he never made the effort to move on to the professional theater. It was for him more rewarding to play his part within the intimate little world in which he lived.

That world was wedged into a great and growing metropolis. But it had a coherence and an identity of its own. Outside the boundaries was a larger universe, occupied by multitudes incomprehensible to one another. Within the limits of the familiar world was the security of known relationships. Here was the adequate fixed center of a man's life. Much of his character was shaped here.

The Battery section of the 4th Ward of New York was not large. A man could easily walk from the East river westward to the Bowery, from South St. northward to East Broadway. Yet those narrow streets, lined by a motley array of tenements, con-

verted warehouses, dwellings in every stage of repair and decay, shacks and shanties, housed a whole universe, primarily Irish in its constitution.

Mostly it had acquired its character in the great wave of immigration that swept across the Atlantic between 1840 and 1860. The presence of the Irish had begun to make itself felt in the city long before. But it was only toward the middle of the century that the Emerald Isle entered upon the convulsions that shifted millions of its residents to the U.S.

A rising population and an archaic land system, the shortsightedness and selfishness of the rulers of the land, and a stagnant economy compelled a mounting number of displaced farm tenants to emigrate. The great potato famine of 1846 completed the

process. In the face of that overwhelming disaster, whoever could, fled. In two tragic decades more than 2 million Irishmen left home. For almost all of them, there was but one refuge, the U.S.

Many of the refugees came to New York City. As they straggled off the ships, they were likely to settle on the East Side. There they found cheap housing close to the wharves where they sought work; and there they began the laborious process of reconstructing their shattered lives. Few brought with them the skills or capital required to advance far in America. Most were condemned to the role of day laborers and the harsh existence that such a life afforded them.

The housing facilities of the quarter could not expand as quickly as the newcomers crowded into it. Here

1958 VERSUS 1928

"There is an organization seeking to control the U.S. today that is more subversive to our American way of life than all the communist hordes. . . . It is the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, which seeks to destroy other religious groups in the U.S. . . . and to establish fascism in America!"

Those words appeared in the year's final issue of the *Red and Black*, student newspaper of the University of Georgia. With the help of the Newman club chaplain, Father Cronan F. Kelly, the university's 275 Catholic students composed a reply which relaxed a tense situation and sent students home for vacation in high good humor.

"Catholic students! Attention!" it read. "Emergency orders! 1. Reread all bulls and encyclicals. 2. Weapons will be issued at Newman arsenal. 3. Take captive only those who can be brainwashed; kill others. 4. Our allies are (a) communists, (b) fascists, (c) nazis, (d) Stoics, (e) Purple-People Eaters. All must assemble at 1600 by the river to crown the Pope, who will arrive by submarine at 1545."

Time (16 June '58).

and there, as on Dover St., low gable-roofed houses survived from a time when Dutch burghers had looked out upon a country lane. But inexorably the tenements spread throughout these wards. Under the pressure of overcrowding, housing standards deteriorated, and the older inhabitants moved away. As living conditions grew worse, there was perpetual turnover among the district's residents; those who achieved the means to do so departed and left it to the poor and the newly arrived.

The East Side early acquired an unsavory reputation. Across the Bowery was a district of ill repute, where saloons, gambling rooms, and cheap music halls furnished a variety of amusements. The atmosphere was conducive to crime and vice.

The hard-working immigrants struggled to keep themselves isolated from such surroundings. They developed their own communal institutions and sought to hold together in their difficulties as if they were still in the village back across the ocean, and not in a great, strange, hostile city.

The mothers and fathers knew in a vague way of the evils among which they lived, and they tried to warn off their children from the wickedness all around them. It was not easy, amidst the poverty and overcrowding, to teach the young ones the difference between right and wrong. Sure, and sometimes a small boy, walking with his father, might pass through the swinging

doors of a beer hall and look and listen curiously while his elders passed a half-hour. But still he was made to know what was decent and proper, so that he would not grow up to be one of those men without standards who frequented the bad places that were all about.

Thus Al Smith grew up in America's largest city. But the neighborhood that shaped him was a small world of its own. Living on the top floor of his family's narrow house, he could run through the four rooms of the flat and look out of the window of the front room. The cobbled streets were dirty; not until he was a grown man would the whitewings make an effort to keep them clean. But the life of those streets was an education in itself.

He could wander downstairs, loiter by Mr. Morgenweck's barbershop on the 2nd floor, peep in at the fruit store on the ground floor, and make his way out into the bustle of Oliver St. If he got over to Water St. on a weekday he found endless fascination in the turmoil of shouting teamsters guiding their great wagons along the narrow ways.

On Sunday, the same street, grown quiet and empty, offered opportunity for play, heedless of the strays who sang restlessly in the mission on the corner. The gaslit evenings had a magic of their own, as the men returned from work took their leisure in the out-of-doors; and all the world, for the moment, were loiterers.

The whole water front was a play-

ground, the docks places of endless wonder. A boy could swim in the river or hide among crates or climb the rigging of ships. Strange sailors and their pets made thrilling acquaintances. For a time, Al kept a West Indian goat, four dogs, a parrot, and a monkey in the attic at home.

Sometimes Al would go down to where the Brooklyn bridge was rising magically out of the waters and look away to the far distance on the other side. Occasional excursions took him to remote places; at the age of four he stands in a picture at Coney Island, a pail clutched tightly in his right hand, looking hesitantly outward at the larger world.

But mostly he came to know the sights and sounds of the streets of his home. Goodhearted outsiders who wandered into the 4th Ward and knew, or thought they knew, the abominations of its alleys shuddered at the effects it must have upon children. Such observers could not understand that, for boys like Al, the district had its own saving influences.

Not far away was St. James Catholic church. The Smiths were regular communicants. Their ancestral faith, brought by their parents from the Old World, had become an integral part of their lives in the New.

Religion for them was not simply a matter of passive identification. It involved deeply held beliefs that explained man's place in the world; and it demanded of its adherents active participation in a round of activities that filled important parts of their

lives. The men, the women, and the children, too, all had their roles in the community which, like a village, clustered about the church.

In 1879, when Al was five years old, Father John Kean became pastor of St. James's. He was a vigorous man; when he assumed charge of the 18,000 souls in the parish, he began at once to vitalize their association with it. He built up a complex pattern of societies that kept the faithful of every age occupied. It was good to find here clubs to which the young ones could go and friends who could help out with a job or advice when needed.

Al was a good lad, taught by his mother to be attentive to his duties. He was not to grow up wild like the ragamuffins who disgraced the neighborhood. Neatly dressed, indeed on Sundays polished and starched, he showed evidence of his good upbringing. An immaculate appearance was even more important for the children of the slums than for the well-to-do as a sign of respectability; and the habit of careful attention to his clothing would remain with Al to the end.

For him, as for any other decent fellow, the Church early became the focus of life. Before he had reached the age of ten he was an altar boy, and served the seven-o'clock Mass daily. For years he pumped the organ for Annie Rush, and he was a dutiful if not illustrious scholar in the Christian Brothers' school.

He was not to have the opportu-

nity for studies very long. His father's earnings were always small, with hardly a margin for emergencies; that was the condition of most of the men in the 4th Ward. At the age of 11, Al took up a newsboy's stand to contribute his share to the family income. A year later, in 1886, his father died after a long illness, and his mother, who had worked earlier, returned to the umbrella factory on Madison St. Often the lad would see her toil on into the night for the extra pay that homework brought in. He himself left school and became a full-time wage earner.

He drifted through a variety of positions. For two years he earned \$3 a week as a chaser for a truckman of the neighborhood. He scouted for business and directed the carts to jobs as they came in. Then he moved up to \$8 as a laborer in an oil refinery; then for three years he put in a 12-hour day that began at 4 A.M. to earn \$12 a week at the Fulton fish market. By 1895 he was working in a pump works.

He was then 21, but still without a clear goal in life. Nothing had thus far distinguished Al from thousands of his fellows. As he rose at 6 each morning to take the ferry across the river, he might well have reflected that he could go on as he had begun. He could go on, even as his father had, in a humdrum round of acts without purpose, to marry and beget children who would remember him with vague affection after the drudgery of ill-paid labor took him away.

Except that Al dreamed of something more; and even within the ambit of his own little world he could discern the avenues of escape. From earliest youth he had been eager to speak out, to stand forth upon the platform and declaim resounding sentences that touched the emotions, to let drop quips that moved listeners to laughter. The anxiety to be heard was not vanity. It expressed rather the deeply felt need for an audience. In the magic of the stage transformation the actor became the character. That was why Smith never relished the role of villain. He was uncomfortable in empty gestures, in anything less than the certainty that he was what the part made him.

That was also why he needed a meaningful relationship with his fellows on the other side of the footlights. The applause and the laughter were a kind of assurance that he, Al, was not alone, but bound somehow in a communion of action.

Such was the background of the man who, in 1928, faced up to the question: can a Catholic ever be President of the U.S.?

The rest is history. Although Smith's popular vote almost doubled that of Davis in 1924, Hoover was the victor by a resounding plurality. Al failed to carry his own state and lost also sectors of the Solid South that had voted Democratic since the days of Reconstruction.

There was no single cause for the defeat. Smith had to struggle against the currents of complacency set up

by the wild prosperity of 1928. (Just a year later the country would pay dearly for its heedlessness.)

Furthermore, Smith was unwilling to pander to the mood of the times. Thus he refused to hedge when Hoover charged that he was taking the road to Socialism. So, too, he refused to soften his stand on Prohibition.

Most important, he refused to pretend that he was not what he was: a Catholic, a grandson of Irish immigrants, a poor boy from off the sidewalks of New York. Let it be a test, he thought, of whether such a one as he could be President. He bitterly resented jokes about the figure his wife would cut in the White House. When a photographer asked her to "take off some jewelry for a picture," Al angrily burst out, "Leave Katie alone!" In his eyes, she was as worthy as anyone else to be first lady of the land.

He likewise refused to conceal the evidences of his humble origins. He could say *radio* and *hospital* with the best of them. But, disregarding advice, he insisted on saying "rad-dio" and "horspital." It was as if he feared that in concealing the accents of the Bowery he would be turning his back upon the people among whom he had grown up. No number of votes was worth that.

Squarely he faced the religious issue. The Klan was nearly dead, but anti-Catholicism was very much alive. A vicious campaign attacked the Church and painted a horren-

dous picture of the coming downfall of free institutions. Many groups spread the tale of a papist plot to conquer America at the ballot box.

In Oklahoma City, one of the centers of Klan strength, Al launched an attack on the forces injecting bigotry into "a campaign which should be an intelligent debate of the important issues." In North Carolina, he insisted on speaking about immigration. He had a profound, if naive, faith that his honesty and integrity would get across to his audience.

But in 1928, candor and the plea for tolerance did not help. The farmer and the small-town merchant, the fundamentalist and the Prohibitionist, blinded by fear of the future, struck out in fury against the urban stranger who had become a symbol of the new America.

On election night, Al sat in the 71st Regiment armory as the returns came in. At 9:30 he knew the result. The unlighted cigar clamped in his teeth drooped slightly as he prepared to go home.

What distressed him most was not defeat, but the manner of it; particularly the defection of those Democrats moved by bigotry and prejudice. The big prize had escaped him, but a man learned to take the bad with the good. But if Americans were not willing to accept an Irish Catholic as their equal, could it be that his own conception of America was at fault, that he had not read aright the lesson of his own life?

The buoyant optimism of Americans has often deceived them into thinking that their whole history is one great success story. Yet the failures have, in their own way, been as important as the successes. Alfred

E. Smith knew both in full measure.

In the years after 1928, Al would be for the first time in his life without an audience; and oh, it is hard to find something to say when no one is listening.



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

Latin or Greek roots enter into the make-up of more than half of the 20,000 English words most commonly used today. And our language has many more thousands built from these roots.

A good method of improving your stock of words is to become familiar with some important word roots. By learning a single root and then connecting with it the words derived, you can add a whole family of words to your vocabulary.

Cedere, for example, is a Latin word meaning to go, yield, give way; *cessus* is its past participle. *Ced* and *cess* enter into the composition of many words; 12 of which are listed below in Column A. Can you match them with their meanings found in Column B?

Column A

1. accede
2. intercede
3. predecessor
4. recessive
5. procedure
6. decedent
7. concession
8. successive
9. secession
10. excessive
11. abscess
12. antecedent

Column B

- a) Tending to go back; withdrawing.
- b) Characterized by going beyond limits; unreasonable amount or extent.
- c) Act of yielding; a thing yielded; right to use property for some purpose.
- d) One who goes before; an ancestor.
- e) To agree or yield, as to an opinion; attain.
- f) Going before in time; prior; that which goes before.
- g) To go between to reconcile differences; to mediate.
- h) A dead person; one who has "yielded to death."
- i) Act of withdrawing.
- j) The going on of a particular course of action.
- k) Following without interruption; going along consecutively.
- l) Collection of bacteria due to infection; "yielding of infected matter."

(Answers on page 19.)

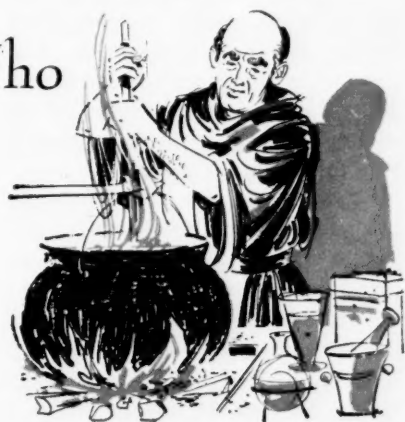
The Monks Who Make Wax

*From waning to waxing
at St. Wandrille*

IN A LUSH Norman valley near the mouth of the Seine lies St. Wandrille, the oldest French abbey still in daily use. But it isn't age alone that distinguishes St. Wandrille; it is a pot, and the extraordinary undertaking which has boiled over from it.

Gentle, diminutive Father Antonio Chervier is the best person to tell the saga of the pot, for he is the man who stirred it up. "When Count Wandrille founded this Benedictine abbey in 649 it owned vast tracts of land. However, over the centuries the land was whittled away by invading armies, and farm income was reduced almost to the vanishing point. By the 1930's we were poorer than even church mice, and the problem of supporting our abbey was acute.

"Then, in February, 1936, a friend of mine, the director of a Religious institution, paid us a visit. We were lamenting the abbey's precarious position when my friend had a sudden inspiration. 'I buy considerable quan-



ties of furniture polish and I spend good money for it,' he said. 'From now on I will buy all my polish from you. This abbey will manufacture it for me.'

"I had no choice. I couldn't let a friend down, could I?" Father Chervier asks with a smile.

Fortunately, he and one of his colleagues, Father Sorinval, knew something about chemistry. Father Chervier wheedled the temporary loan of a cooking pot from the monk in charge of the kitchen only after he had assured its early return undamaged (a replacement would have been hard to come by). Then the two priests got out their old chemistry books and began experimenting.

"We were short of experience but long on faith," Father Chervier says, "and faith did the trick. After several false starts we produced a potful of

*St. Benedict, Ore. July, 1958. © 1958, and reprinted with permission.

polish which we thought would be satisfactory. I delivered it to my friend, being careful to bring back the pot nicely polished in order to retain our credit with the kitchen. Then Father Sorinval and I said extra prayers, and we waited anxiously for the verdict.

"Two days later my friend returned. I held my breath waiting for him to speak. All he said was, 'Now make us some floor wax.'"

Father Chervier, having used such foresight in his dealings with the kitchen, had no difficulty in again borrowing the faithful pot, plus a strainer and a ladle. He and Father Sorinval, now more confident, produced the floor wax with little difficulty. Soon the monks of St. Wandrille started offering their wares to other Religious institutions. Slowly, as their sales increased, they were able to retire the kitchen utensils and replace them with proper equipment. The Fathers dubbed their enterprise *Les Produits Monastique* (Monastic Products).

New items were added: shoe pol-

Father Eugene Boylan, prior of Caldey, the island abbey three miles off the Welsh coast, visited the U.S. with a view to establishing a market for perfumes made by monks of his abbey. It was waggishly suggested that an appropriate name for one of the perfumes would be *Mea Culpa*.

Emmanuel (May '58).

ish, paraffin, metal polish, even glass cleaner in a modern plastic squeeze bottle. Because the profits were urgently needed for support of the abbey, there was never enough money to spend for necessary tools and equipment.

However, this was no insurmountable problem for the Benedictines. Monks discovered unsuspected talents as pipe fitters, electricians, carpenters, and welders. Others developed skills in packaging, accounting, product research, typing.

One monk designed an automatic elevator to move freight from the 1st-floor mixing vats to the 2nd-floor packaging lines. It was entirely built and installed by the priest-mechanics themselves.

Another monk, dissatisfied with manual shoe-polish packaging, devised a machine to fill the tins automatically, and a system of moving belts and strategically located brushes to buff the tins spotless.

By 1941, demand for *Les Produits Monastique* had grown so much that Father Chervier hired a dozen workers from the small, crossroads hamlet which nestles about the abbey's walls. The abbey is now a major source of income for the families of the area.

Despite their enthusiasm for their enterprise, the priests have never lost sight of the fact that their factory is merely a means to an end. They have never deviated from the ancient regimen of St. Wandrille, which divides the day into three parts: Com-

munity prayer, study, and manual labor.

Their studies have gained for the monks a widespread reputation for scholarship, particularly in the field of ancient manuscripts. Since the founding of the abbey they have had a fondness for manuscripts: translating, editing, and, until the printing press rendered the process obsolete, reproducing them by hand. The monks also write children's books on religion in French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian.

But it is wax and polish which make everything possible, and the monks know it.

The ability of the monks to cope with the unusual has stood them in good stead. Some time ago the French army found itself in urgent need of five tons of wax; the wax had to conform to precise specifications and it had to be prepared against a tight deadline. Army quartermasters telephoned several factories, but all refused; they couldn't meet the deadline. Then somebody thought of *Les Produits Monastique*, and the army called Father Chervier. To the amazement of the skeptical soldiers, the monks did the job in 24 hours with full time out for their daily prayer and study obligations.

The fame of the abbey's cleaning products has spread far beyond the realm of Religious institutions. Today, *Les Produits Monastique* are sold in stores from Paris to Madagascar. Father Sorinval, who, with Father Chervier, stirred the original pot

which started the whole affair, is now the chief traveling salesman. Early each summer, he and another priest leave by truck for a round of visits to customers. Their small truck has been fitted out by the monks to include a small altar, two bunks, cooking facilities, and a rack for samples.

To fill the orders that Father Sorinval brings back, 13 employees and 30 priests and novices turn out a ton of waxes, polishes, cleaners a day.

Although there are more than 400 manufacturers of waxes and polishes in France and the abbey of St. Wandrille is one of the smallest, the highly automated plant ranks eighth in productivity. This year the abbey was singled out for a productivity award by a French committee headed by the secretary of state for economic affairs. The committee was deeply impressed by the increase in production from 76 tons in 1945 to 323 tons in 1956 without a corresponding increase in manpower, an extremely creditable performance for any industrial operation.

Getting the stock to the shipping depots at Paris and Rouen is Father Pierre Taupin's job. Wearing a neatly patched, gray lumber jacket to protect his soutane, Father Taupin will climb behind the wheel of his truck each morning at 5 to start his run. At the appropriate times for Community prayers, he pulls off the road to say his, too. And he claims to be one truck driver whose workaday language is fit for church.

Don't Call Me— I'll Call You

Or, how to hang up gracefully

THERE ARE TIMES when I wish I were a man. One is when I find myself trapped on the telephone. My husband, apparently, is able to terminate a phone conversation whenever he feels like it. Among the male of the species, there seems to be no unwritten Law of the Telephone.

Now, almost any woman conscientiously obeys this Law: under no ordinary circumstances is one permitted to hang up before the caller has said a clear, decisive "Good-by." Bound as they are by that stern code, women find themselves at the mercy of their long-winded friends.

It seems to me that there are two major approaches to the problem. Either you must use these enforced interruptions of household activity to your advantage or, better yet, you must attack the problem directly, and *get off the phone!*

Sometimes when a friend calls, you are delighted to talk to her. Her news may be so interesting that you will even want to *listen* to her. These are the occasions for little chores which can be handily completed while chatting. I, for instance, use



this time for soaking my fingernails. I keep a bowl of water and a nail brush right on my phone desk. I also like to paste trading stamps into my book during these periods, and I frequently muse over old recipes from a file I keep close by.

My sister, whose phone is in the hall right outside her bathroom, uses morning phone calls to scour the wash basin and polish the mirror. She has become adept at doing this one-handed, and claims that when she hangs up she has an exhilarating sense of accomplishment. During afternoon calls, she plucks her eyebrows and experiments with different shades of eye shadow. (A word of caution: recently, our whole family became concerned about Sis. She seemed to be losing her eyebrows. Her sorority sisters are a very talky bunch.)

Probably you are thinking something like this: "Why, that's nothing! Anybody can do little piddling jobs like manicures on the phone! Look

at me! I load the dishwasher, let down hems, write letters—why, I do *important* things when I'm on the phone!"

My feeling about such extensive operations is that it is much simpler to use the second approach and get off the phone. By freeing yourself from its tyranny, you will be able to go about your work quickly, efficiently, and with both hands. Once when I was trapped by a friend's account of a school carnival, I tried mixing up a simple package cake. I managed, during the course of a 30-minute conversation, to break three eggs, and to set fire to some old poppy-seed rolls I forgot were in the oven. The conversation came to an abrupt end when I dropped the telephone into the cake batter!

No, when there is real work to be done, it is far better to hang up. It may seem difficult, even impossible, to do this without violating the Law of the Telephone, but, remember, *it can be done*. The key word in the Law is "ordinary." Change the circumstances surrounding the phone call to unusual, and there it is—your way out!

How to do this? Well, after some months of informal research (a bit of prying, some eavesdropping, and sending my child into my friends' homes as a spy) I have discovered that most women, in their efforts to salvage time, have stumbled upon various "unusual" situations which are both socially acceptable and reasonably honest.

I know one woman who keeps by her telephone an automatic timer, which she sets to go off at whatever time she wishes to draw matters to a close. When the bell rings, she exclaims, "Oh, there's my bell!" thus extricating herself gracefully from a recital of what John's teacher said about John at the PTA meeting. Not a word of untruth has been spoken, and, as far as I know, no one has inquired, "What bell?"

Unfortunately, the foregoing scheme is the only one I have uncovered which cleaves closely to the truth. Statements like: "My children are still running around in their pajamas"; "I have to start dinner"; and "Why, here's Ralph home already!" while good and true, are useless. Keep in mind that your caller will accept as an excuse nothing that pertains to life's ordinary routine.

"There's somebody at the door" is a time-honored gambit that is still used successfully by many women. After all, it is the kind of statement which cannot be proved. It fits well with the automatic-timer scheme, the bell lending authenticity. It doesn't always work, however, because the caller will often say magnanimously, "Oh, go ahead and answer it; I'll wait."

I have decided that there is no use arguing with such a determined conversationalist, so I just lay down the phone, stomp heavily across the kitchen, and answer the door. (I use the front door, which squeaks.) At any rate I appreciate the chance to

rest my listening ear and exercise cramped muscles.

I sometimes indulge in a short dramatic scene. "Hello there, Mr. Win-fird," I call out loudly. "My laundry? Oh, dear. I haven't even started to get it together!"

I realize, of course, that I am on dangerous ground. It takes experience to carry on a one-sided dialogue successfully, and the self-conscious person cannot handle it well enough to get by. But those of you who are willing to try will, I think, find the reward worth the risk. You can return to the phone and say, "Look, I've got to go—my laundryman's waiting."

And how does this one strike you? Your friend, for the second time in three days, has launched into a lengthy exposition of her sister-in-law's operation, and your state is approaching the comatose. Pull yourself together, and dare to break in. "Say, Marge, I've been meaning to ask you, how about being den mother, starting next week?" (Or PTA president, or ways-and-means chairman for the Altar and Rosary society—you decide; after all, she's *your* friend.) This dodge will produce almost instantaneous results, and is especially to be recommended because it is the caller who hangs up, not you.

If you have preschool children around the house, you will have already discovered that they furnish any number of excuses for you to get away from the phone. Ear-piercing

screams, water gushing, glass breaking—any of these sounds carry well over a telephone, and heartless indeed is the woman who, hearing them, fails to forgive your abrupt departure.

I have one friend, though, the mother of five frisky youngsters under the age of six, who is never disturbed by her children's antics while she is on the phone. She never seems to want an excuse to hang up. To me, this is a great shame, because she has so many authentic reasons for doing so; she would never have to invent any. It is I, who, when an especially loud commotion comes from Lucille's end of the line, ventures tentatively, "I'll let you go—sounds like the children are having a little trouble."

"No, no," Lucille will reply calmly, "Tommy just pushed over the high chair, is all. The baby wasn't in it, just under it."

Occasionally, when things sound too perilous even for Lucille, she will leave the phone, saying, "Don't go away; I'll be right back."

Then I sit for five or ten minutes listening to horrifying sounds coming over the wire and wondering how long I should wait before calling the police.

When our own daughter was younger, I had a sure-fire system for ending a conversation. Although I'm sure that Hilarie cried at least as much as any other child her age, she never would cry on cue. I had to supply the background myself.

My phone is near the utility room, where I keep my big basket of clothes to be ironed. It was then, as it is now, always full and heavy. I would catch myself just before I slipped off into a hypnotic trance, summon up all my will power, and give the laundry basket a nudge. Gleefully I would listen to the resultant thud, and distractedly I would shriek, "Good heavens, the baby fell out of bed!"

The loud thump often woke the baby from her nap, creating a new problem, but at least a different one. I had to discard this method after one friend asked, "My word, is she still falling out of bed? She's seven, isn't she?"

I have an acquaintance who will gasp suddenly, right in the middle of my most interesting anecdotes, "Oh, my cake!" She then hangs up without even saying good-by, presumably to rush to the oven and rescue a near miss. Now, in the 15 years that I have known this woman, I have never yet been served a piece of cake at her house. Neither have I seen evidence that she has ever baked one.

I suspect that her excuse falls in the same category as the one used by another woman who is always in the middle of a home permanent. "I've got to rinse this stuff right out, or my hair will fall out." Possibly. But—three permanents a *month*? No, no, ruses such as these must be used sparingly, perhaps with infrequent callers like roofing salesmen or survey people.

The rule of moderation applies here: try not to overdo your little stratagems, for anyone over the age of five can spot an obviously phony one. I heard of a Mrs. Stone who was driven to desperation by listening for an hour and a half to a friend describing in detail the previous evening's bridge hands.

Mrs. Stone, poor trapped creature, after trying every trick known to woman, finally screamed, "The house is on fire!" and slammed down the receiver. Her clear-headed friend (she was a tournament bridge player) called the fire department.

Mrs. Stone found it difficult to answer the firemen's reasonable question, "Where's the fire?"

The friend further complicated Mrs. Stone's life by searching diligently in the newspapers for an account of the disaster. She still delights in saying, "I think it was the funniest thing about that fire of yours! I never saw a word about it in the papers!"

Using sickness as an alibi is also to be avoided, I should have learned my lesson the day I quavered, "Aunt Ellie, I feel faint; I'm afraid I'll have to hang up." Aunt Ellie was with me in ten minutes flat, and found me washing the kitchen ceiling from a stepladder. At that, we had a pleasant day together. We went to see *War and Peace*.

The only other time I fibbed about my health, I told a friend one morning that I had an upset stomach, and couldn't talk another second. The

friend started a rumor that I was "expecting." I wouldn't have minded so much except that it turned out to be true, and I really did have an upset stomach—for months. The moral, of course, is: never pretend illness unless you are prepared to take the consequences.

One that always works is: "Betty, I have to hang up. Ralph is expecting a long-distance phone call." In my case, this is always true. My hus-

band's mother calls him every year on his birthday.

I have a number of other workable ideas in my files, but I think I'll keep them for my own use. There, wouldn't you know it? My telephone's ringing now. I'll have to run. It's probably Elaine, and how that girl likes to talk! Why, the last time I called her, she didn't hang up until her laundryman practically battered down her door!



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

I glanced through a magazine, halfheartedly skimming its pages. My thoughts were on a subject that had become almost an obsession with me during the last eight years: I badly wanted to have another baby.

Our son was ten years old now and we had just about given up hope of ever having any more children. We had applied to both a Catholic agency and the county welfare for a child we could adopt, but neither could give us any immediate hope. Soon our son would be too old to enjoy the company of a little brother or sister.

The magazine fell open to a picture of a darling baby next to an attractive display of its layette. The sight made my hunger more intense, but it also stirred my conscience. For years I had been saving the baby clothes my son so long ago outgrew. I had even been adding to my little "hope chest" from time to time with little garments for the baby that never came. Our community's annual Thanksgiving clothing drive for the poor of foreign countries was just getting started. I had often thought of sending my little hoard of baby clothes, but I could never bring myself to the point.

This was no time for self-pity and empty dreams, I decided. How could I keep in a box clothes that would make some other child warm, some other mother happy? I sent them to the drive.

Wouldn't you know it? Exactly two weeks later, Dec. 18, 1956, we were notified by the welfare agency that we could adopt a newly born baby girl! Collecting the new layette was the happiest job I have ever had.

T.G.C.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

By Kay Sullivan

St. Patrick's: 100 Years on Fifth Avenue

The nation's most famous Catholic church celebrates its birthday

A NEW YORKER who unfolded his daily paper on the morning of Aug. 16, 1858, found several compelling headlines. In New Orleans, yellow fever was on the rampage. Out of Washington, D.C., came talk of threatening conflict with the Oregon Indians. There was much editorial concern over the laying of a transatlantic cable.

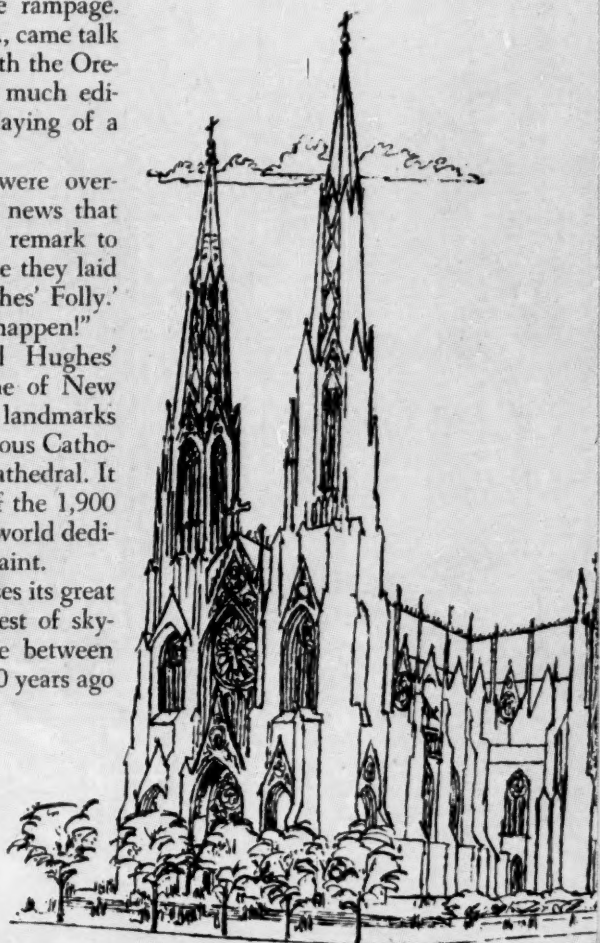
But all these topics were overshadowed by some local news that caused many a reader to remark to his neighbor, "I see where they laid the cornerstone for 'Hughes' Folly.' Never thought it would happen!"

What was considered Hughes' Folly in 1858 is now one of New York City's best-known landmarks and the nation's most famous Catholic church: St. Patrick's cathedral. It is also the most famous of the 1,900 churches throughout the world dedicated to Ireland's patron saint.

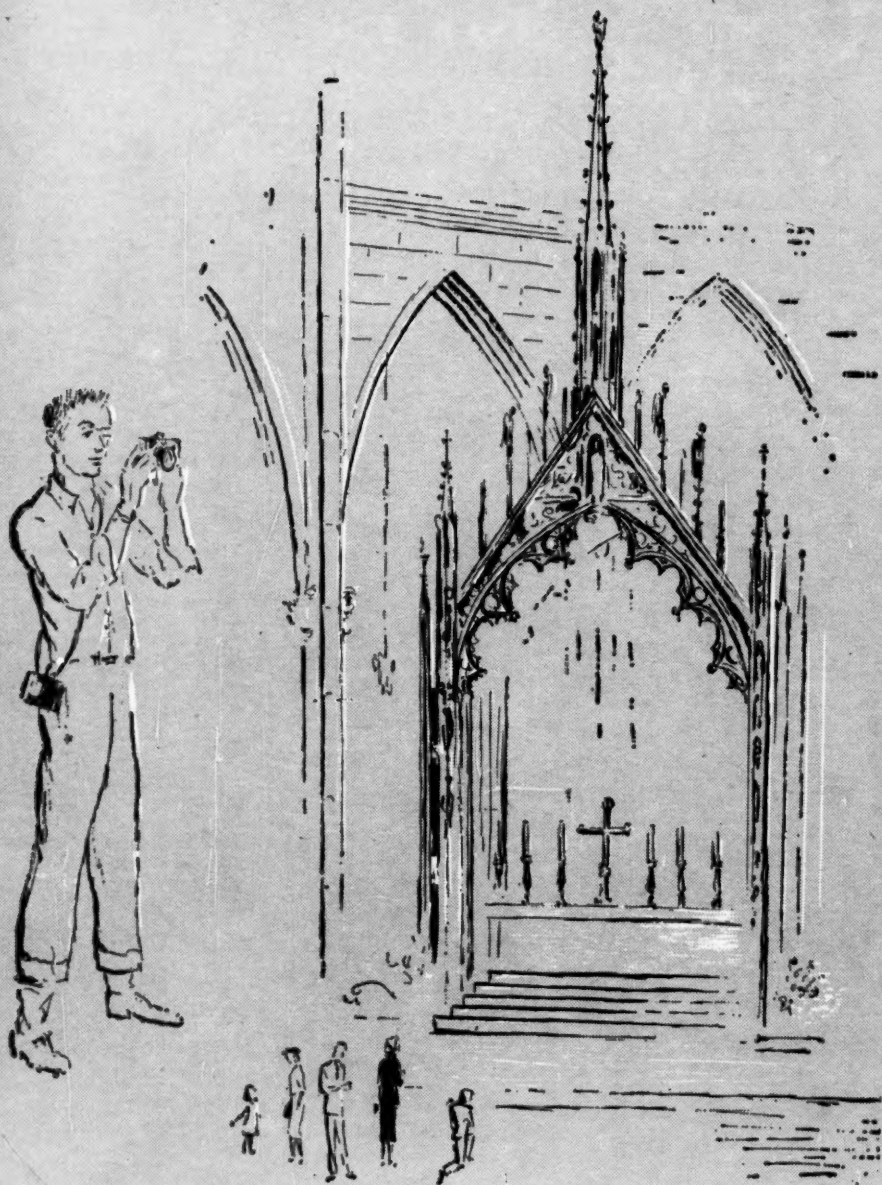
Today, St. Patrick's raises its great gray spires aloft in a forest of skyscrapers on Fifth Avenue between 50th and 51st Sts., but 100 years ago

the location was a dusty wilderness. The city was still clustered at the lower end of Manhattan island.

The farsighted Archbishop John



Pen and ink
sketches by
Ferro and McVicar





Hughes had to argue with his contemporaries over his choice of site for the cathedral. Hoots of skepticism greeted the workmen when they first began putting down the foundations. But Archbishop Hughes was as firm in his convictions as the rock that kept his workers busy with their chisels and drills.

In a way, it was that very rock that decided the location of St. Patrick's. The property originally had been purchased for church use in 1810 by Father Anthony Kohlmann, a Jesuit who proposed to build on it the city's first Catholic college, the New York Literary institution. He paid \$11,000 for the land, title to which was vested in the name of two trustees, Andrew Morris and Cornelius Heeney. When the institute closed in 1813, Trappist monks conducted an orphanage there for a while. But eventually the buildings fell into disuse. The property remained in the hands of various trustees until 1827.

That year three "downtown" churches, St. Patrick's, St. Peter's, and St. Mary's, were looking for new cemetery grounds "uptown." Trustees of the three churches got together, and went to look at the property that once had caught Father Kohlmann's eye. If one of the gentlemen had thought to bring along a spade, they quickly would have eliminated the site as a burying ground. It was almost solid rock. In one section, bedrock came right to the surface. At its deepest point, it

was only 20 feet below the surface.

Fortunately, none of them even kicked over a clod. The land was purchased jointly by trustees of St. Patrick's and St. Peter's. Eventually, in 1852, St. Patrick's took over the entire parcel. Rock had prevented its use for a cemetery, but that same rock would make it an ideal site for a monumental building.

Archbishop Hughes wished to build a cathedral comparable to any in Europe. He chose as his architect a master of Gothic design, James Renwick. Renwick was a New Yorker, a graduate of Columbia, and a non-Catholic. He and Archbishop Hughes worked out plans for what was to be the first major cathedral to be built in Gothic Revival style, the 11th largest church in the world.

The building costs were considerable for that day. Estimates ran from \$810,000 for a brownstone edifice to \$850,000 for one of white marble. (In 1946 it cost \$2 million to renovate the exterior.) This early estimate did not include foundation work or furnishings.

Renwick recommended marble. "Every year will add to its beauty, and every turn of the setting sun will be reflected by the spires and pinnacles, and thus, forming a link with the colors of heaven, will produce the effect of carrying the mind of the beholder to the true object of the building—the worship of the Maker of the universe," he wrote. Archbishop Hughes agreed. White marble it would be.

To raise money, the archbishop wrote to his most prosperous parishioners, asking for donations of \$1,000 each, to be paid in quarterly installments.

"If I shall be unsuccessful in this appeal," his letter read, "the cornerstone shall be laid the same and protected by an iron railing against possible injury until the arrival of better times. I may not have the consolation of seeing it consecrated but I cannot leave for my successor the honor and privilege of seeing it begun."

Exactly 103 persons subscribed \$1,000 each. Two of them were non-Catholics who said they thought the proposed cathedral would be an ornament to New York.

Some 100,000 people witnessed the laying of the cornerstone on Aug. 15, 1858, the feast of the Assumption.

"It was an impressive sight," reported the *New York Daily Tribune*, "to see the archbishop and other prelates proceed along the line of the foundation walls, sprinkling the sand with holy water, and singing psalms. One each of the gold, silver, copper, and nickel coins of the U. S., and the daily and Sunday newspapers of this city and all the Catholic papers of the country, also a roll of parchment on which was engrossed in Latin the names of the patrons of the cathedral, were deposited in the cornerstone and lowered into the cavity of the foundation."

So vigorously did the archbishop

speak on that occasion that New Yorkers were caught up in enthusiasm for the project. They ceased to label it Hughes' Folly, and watched its progress with interest. But soon came the Civil War, and construction halted.

On Jan. 3, 1864, Archbishop Hughes died. Only the foundations of the cathedral had been completed.

The man who was to continue the illustrious task was Brooklyn-born Archbishop John McCloskey, who was 54 when assigned to the Archbishopric of New York. He was something of a financial genius, with great perseverance and good taste: excellent qualities for the job at hand. One of the first things he did as soon as the building was roofed over was to hold a giant month-long fair there. More than 40 parishes of the archdiocese took part; \$172,000 was raised to continue building operations. Twice, Archbishop McCloskey went to Europe to select stained-glass windows, altars, and sanctuary furnishings.

On May 25, 1879, St. Patrick's cathedral was formally opened, complete except for its twin spires. It had cost more than double the original estimate of \$1 million, and had taken 21 years to build, rather than the eight years Archbishop Hughes had counted on.

It was built in the form of a Latin cross, 332 feet long, 174 feet wide at the transepts. It had an over-all capacity of 5,000, a seating capacity of 3,000. A vaulted ceiling rose 108 feet

above the great nave and sanctuary. Fifty-seven clustered marble pillars with richly foliated capitals supported the roof; graceful traceried panels decorated the upper stories; a great rose window, 26 feet in diameter, was a match for anything Europe could offer.

In addition to the imposing high altar, a dozen individual altars dedicated to various saints lined the side walls, and some 57 stained-glass windows, many geometric in design, others "storied" (that is, depicting scenes in the lives of saints), softly sifted outside light into the peaceful recesses of the edifice.

Like his predecessor, Archbishop McCloskey was not to see the cathedral completed in his lifetime. He died on Oct. 10, 1885, ten years after he had been named the first American cardinal by Pope Leo XIII.

During the tenure of Archbishop Michael Augustine Corrigan, from 1885 to 1902, the church spires were finally completed (at a cost of \$200,000) and work on the Lady chapel was begun. For the addition, it was necessary to rip out the rear wall of the cathedral, but so skillfully was this work planned by architect Charles T. Mathews that the new addition only further enhanced the beauty of the edifice. With celebration of the first Mass in the Lady chapel on Christmas day, 1906, the building could be truly called a complete cathedral.

John Cardinal Farley, 4th archbishop at St. Patrick's (from 1905 to

1918), officiated at the solemn consecration of the cathedral on Oct. 5, 1911. The consecration could not be held until the structure was entirely free of debt.

Patrick Cardinal Hayes, the Cardinal of Charity, head of the archdiocese from 1919 to 1938, was responsible for an extensive renovation program to commemorate in 1929 the golden jubilee of the dedication. It included the installation of a new choir gallery, chancel organ, baptistry, pamphlet room, altar screen and archbishop's throne, an altar dedicated to the Little Flower, and new marble flooring.

Only three rectors have resided at the cathedral since its inception. Msgr. William Quinn was in charge from 1879 to 1887. Msgr. Michael J. Lavelle, whose 52 years of service at St. Patrick's from 1887 to 1939 constituted almost his entire priestly life, endeared himself to the countless hundreds whose lives he touched. The present rector, Bishop Joseph F. Flannelly, succeeded Monsignor Lavelle. For 19 years he has devoted himself to maintaining and increasing the cathedral's beauty.

It remained for Cardinal Spellman to make the most dramatic changes in the cathedral's appearance. In 1942 he ordered a complete face-lifting on the exterior, work made urgent by the building's age and by vibration damage from nearby building programs. He also exchanged the old main altar (its high, wide reredos blocked the nave and

sanctuary vista) for a free-standing altar and a shimmering bronze baldachin or canopy above it. A new altar in the Lady chapel and magnificent bronze portals at the main entrance have been other outstanding improvements made under Cardinal Spellman.

Today, in its 100th year, St. Patrick's is all that Archbishop Hughes dreamed about and more. Each year more than 3 million persons step within its peaceful shadows to kneel and pray, to look and admire. On holydays as many as 25,000 attend Mass there. Confessions are heard in English, Spanish, French, Italian, and German, and special confessionals are available for the deaf and dumb.

In the baptistry, hundreds of babies are baptized annually, and in the delicately beautiful Lady chapel as many as 600 brides have been married in a single year. Enough packages to fill up a good-sized room are left behind in pews each year. The turnover of pamphlets in the pamphlet library at the entrance keeps the two librarians busy eight hours a day.

St. Patrick's has been the subject of poetry and fiction. Cardinal Spellman himself wrote a story about a baby abandoned in the cathedral. The story was published in a national magazine and later made into a movie.

More than one Protestant minister has told how he wandered into St. Patrick's during Mass and was asked

to pass the basket. One minister reported that he informed the sexton, "But I am a Congregationalist!" only to hear the answer, "What's the difference? You're honest, aren't you?" and to have the basket pressed into his hands.

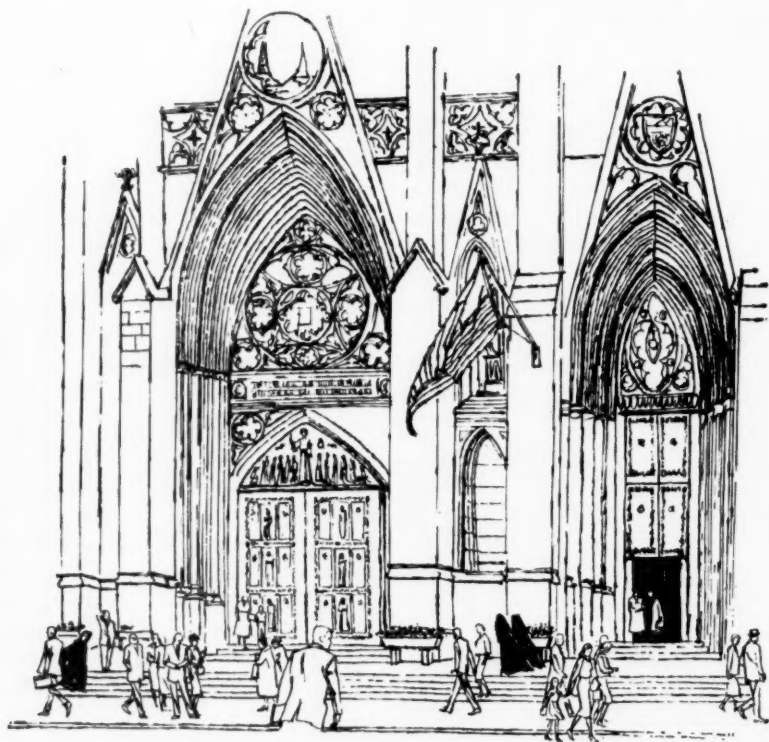
Pass by St. Patrick's any time and you'll see tourists holding cameras aloft for good "angle shots" of a pinnacle. In good weather you may have to press your way through the pigeons who consider the cathedral steps their private property. Enter into its cool depths, and you will never fail to see kneeling worshippers as well as attentive little knots of school children tiptoeing squeakily behind a teacher who pauses to call attention to the beauty of the famous *Pieta* or Mario Korbel's famous representation of the Little Flower. And inevitably there will be someone to whisper the cathedral's most-asked question, "Where are the cardinals' hats?"

The answer is that the cardinals' hats are suspended high in the murky gloom of the sanctuary ceiling, 100 feet above the altar. They belonged to Cardinals McCloskey, Farley, and Hayes, and are there because it is customary to suspend a cardinal's red hat, insignia of his office, over his place of burial. The three cardinals are interred in the crypt below the cathedral altar. (Archbishops Hughes and Corrigan as well as Monsignor Lavelle are also buried in the crypt, which has places for 42.)

On Sundays, feast days, and national holidays the 19 bells in the cathedral tower (each one named for a different saint) ring out their call to prayer. The Angelus echoes three times daily. The voice of St. Patrick's mingles with, but is never drowned out by, the hubbub of the great city. At such times as Christmas eve, Easter, and St. Patrick's day, the profound spirit of the great cathedral seems to soar above the city like its slender, traceried spires.

One hundred years have passed since Archbishop Hughes troweled

the cornerstone of St. Patrick's into place and spoke of "a glorious undertaking that will make Manhattan proud and edify your brothers here and elsewhere." In the life of a cathedral, a century is like the ticking off of an hour, but in this instance it has been long enough to see Archbishop Hughes' words come true and to make his beloved St. Patrick's exemplify vividly what Ralph Waldo Emerson said about cathedrals: "They integrate themselves into creation, and come to seem of equal date with Andes or with Ararat."



Lessons in Unity

Learned on a pilgrimage to Lourdes

THE TURKISH OFFICER at the end of the bar was drinking water. He was a Moslem, and his religion made him off limits to alcohol.

But almost everyone else was indulging. A handsome Danish captain was talking to the tallest officer in the room, a Belgian captain. The officers were six deep at the bar, talking and laughing pleasantly. Germans and French, Dutch and British, Greeks and Turks, Canadians and Americans, one with another, moving about, grouping and regrouping before lunch in the officers' dining room of SHAPE, just outside Paris.

SHAPE stands for Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Powers in Europe. Before lunch there had been a ceremony on the front steps. A British general was saying farewell after three years of service in SHAPE. Gen. Lauris Norstad was saying good-by for all the personnel. Commissioned and noncommissioned officers, typists, stenographers, MP's, drivers from the motor pool, and everyone else who wished to come were listening. British Lt. Gen. Sir Cecil Sugden had been a friend to all, said Norstad, and a member of the fam-

ily. All were sorry to see him go. "Good-by, old man, and come back whenever you can, because we are your friends and you are our friend."

Before the steps, beginning at the gate and extending in a semicircle, were 15 flagpoles. On them waved in the warm noon sun the flags of 15 nations. Within the semicircle stood the people of 15 nations, not separated, but mingled together as they happened to arrive.

"I am sorry to go," said the general, "because I have been honored to have worked with you. I shall regret leaving so many good friends. I shall miss



being a member of the family. This has been said before, but I shall say it again: we are secure as long as we stay united. We shall lose our freedom and our security the moment we lose our friendship and our unity."

Every morning the flags change position. No nation is superior to another, so no nation has its own flagpole. The flags are placed in alphabetical order, according to the French language. That puts Germany's flag first (*Allemagne*), the Belgian flag second (*Belgique*), and the U.S. flag third (*Etats Unis*). But there is no first or second, since they are rotated each day.

SHAPE was set up under the North Atlantic Treaty organization. Its first supreme commander was General Eisenhower. Its second, General Gruenther. Its third, General Norstad.

In the command are the armed forces of 15 nations: the armies, the navies, and the air forces of the 15 nations: Belgium, Canada, Denmark, France, West Germany, Greece, Iceland, Italy, Luxemburg, Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Turkey, United Kingdom, and the U.S. There are no Poles here, no Hungarians; no Lithuanians, Latvians, nor Estonians; no Albanians, Bulgarians, Czechoslovakians, East Germans, Rumanians; no Russians. They are on the other side by forced choice.

After their two drinks, the officers left the bar, sat down at tables for four and six, again in mixed groups,

for lunch. At the table of an English officer, they began to tell stories. There was the one about the definition of hell they had developed. Hell, it seems, is a place where the English do the cooking, the French do the banking, the Americans do the romancing, and the Germans maintain discipline.

Several months ago when Cyprus revolted and the Greeks and the Turks there were fighting, Adjutant General Harris came to his office afraid that the fear in his heart would show on his face. For the 13 men on his immediate staff came from five nations and one was a Turk and another a Greek, and their desks were close together. What would they be doing? He entered; they stood at attention, saluted, sat down. The adjutant passed through, then peeked out at them. They were at work. On one desk was a small flag of Turkey; on the other was one of Greece. The flags were almost touching. The two nations were almost at war. The two men behind the two flags were at work and at peace.

Europe has been conquered over and over again, since Julius the Caesar divided it into parts. Every conqueror has done his job because he had only to overrun one separate and disunited nation after another. Now in the East the latest pretender sharpens his sword to impose his evil will upon the peoples of Europe. But before him stand the free nations of Europe, united, their plans made, their flow of command agreed upon,

their communications in order, their forces in being, their friendships made, their determination one under God. Maybe, just maybe, the tyrant will not unsheathe his sword.

Just ahead of me a French soldier fell out. He and his chaplain went over to the wall which supports the stairway leading to the Basilica of Lourdes. Ahead of and behind them were some 35,000 officers and soldiers of 17 countries along with some 80,000 civilians, on military pilgrimage to the place where the Blessed Virgin spoke to the little girl Bernadette.

The two placed their left forearms against the wall, leaned their heads against their arms. Past them moved the crowd, carrying lighted candles, singing *Ave, Ave, Maria*. The enormous sound echoed up and down the river and against the rock of Massabielle. The soldier went to Confession, and both returned to their places.

This kept happening all along the route that Saturday (June 14). Whenever you saw two men in uniform leaning against the wall, you knew that one more had given up to the tremendous attraction of our Lady, who in that place 100 years ago had told Bernadette to dig and find the spring of water.

The soldiers had set up encampments just outside the village. They were not under orders to come. They had come of their own free will at the invitation of their chaplains. Car-

dinal Feltin of Paris, the military vicar of France, was there, as was Cardinal Wendel of Munich, the military vicar of West Germany. Normal ecclesiastical protocol would have the Cardinal of Munich precede the Cardinal of Paris in a procession, where the most important person comes last. When the two went to the solemn Mass, they walked *side by side* through the ranks of Belgians, Luxemburgers, Italians, French, Spanish, Americans, Portuguese, Dutch, British, Canadians. It was a charming gesture on the part of Cardinal Feltin, saying to all the assembly that now France and Germany were walking together toward the goal of peace.

The military all went to Communion. Marshal Juin of France, generals, admirals, colonels, majors, sergeants, privates of all the non-communist armies in Europe—all receiving together, and nobody saluting anyone except Christ.

There have been other military pilgrimages to Lourdes, but they were of one or another nation alone. This was the first international one. It was organized by the French chief of chaplains, assisted by the chiefs of chaplains of all the other armies.

What the pilgrimage seemed to say was that united under God and the North Atlantic Treaty organization, we shall stand firm against the atheistic imperialism of communism.

Later on Sunday afternoon, the thing was symbolized at the encampment. There in the presence of the

soldiers of all the nations under NATO, Marshal Juin bestowed the Legion of Honor upon the chief of chaplains of the U.S. army, Msgr. Patrick J. Ryan, the highest-ranking chaplain present at Lourdes (major general).

"With your permission," said Monsignor Ryan, "I shall take this Honor to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Washington, in memory of all the chaplains of all the armies who, having served their God, their country, and their soldiers, are now dear to God and precious in our memory."

Soldiers are by reputation rough and ill-behaved. Society gave them that reputation when it regarded them as mercenaries hired to shoot the enemies of the nation. The commander of the armies of France, St. Joan, was one who, by her example and words, told them what they in reality are. This is what the chaplains do as they go with their men wherever their men have to go. For the soldier, like the farmer and the butcher, and, indeed, the chaplain himself, is a child of God. And when any man knows what he is, he will pretty much act as he should.



IN OUR HOUSE

The topic of conversation at dinner happened to be the births of the children, and of course each member of the family had to get into the act, asking at what hour of day or night each had made his appearance.

Mother finally came to David, the smallest of her ample brood. "What time did I get here, mom?" he asked.

"You were born shortly after midnight, dear," mother replied.

"Boy!" exclaimed David, his voice filled with awe. "That's the latest I've ever been allowed to stay up!"

Thomas P. Ramirez.

My mother is an exceptionally pretty, young-looking woman, but she was elated when we phoned long-distance from the army camp where my husband was stationed to tell her that she was a grandmother. She lost no time spreading the news to the rest of the family, and they all shared her excitement—all except great-aunt Mabel, that is. That ancient lady sat in her wooden rocker, half asleep, as the details floated past her.

"And," mother finished proudly, "they say the baby looks just like me."

Aunt Mabel stirred for the first time, and said soothingly, "Well, now dear, don't you even think about it. As long as the baby is healthy, we don't care how she looks."

Dorothy J. Wilhelm.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Some children have all the accidents

*"Accidentitis" takes more lives from
little ones than all diseases combined*



ALEXANDER ADLER, a Viennese psychologist, proclaimed 20 years ago that "some unknown factor in the human personality causes certain people to have repeated accidents." Dr. Flanders Dunbar, of Columbia university, even decided that such a tendency is a disease, and named it accidentitis. Recent investigations indicate that children may be even more accident prone than adults.

Many a mother has known a peculiar pang of terror when she hears a scream from children at play. "It's usually my Bobby who gets hurt."

The Ottawa hospitals have taken a look at the childhood-accident problem on a mass scale. Of 1,000 home-accident cases treated in six months, 200 were repeaters and 60 were third-time casualties or worse, including one durable youngster who had survived an average of two major injuries and assorted lesser hurts every year thus far in his short, perilous lifetime.

In the Ottawa survey, 25 of the 1,000 injuries could be attributed to such physical defects as paralysis, poor eyesight, or deafness. But Drs. E. H. Lossing and Roger B. Goyette, of Canada's Department of National Health and Welfare, who analyzed the accidents, decided that three out of four were "preventable."

In a U. S. study of 50,000 cases, physical defects accounted for 3% of injuries, and mental unfitness, 1%. Some 8% of the injured were hurt while trying to do something beyond their ability. Dr. Dunbar found accident proneness in as many as 80% of fracture patients she examined; most of the cases were in the younger-age groups.

Accidents are now the largest single cause of death among North American children who survive the hazardous first year of life. In a single generation, deaths from all causes of children aged one to 15

years have been cut by 70%. Only one cause has increased: accidents. More children of those ages die from injuries each year than die of all diseases combined. Boys between ten and 14 are 12 times more likely to die of misadventure than of the most frequently fatal illness of their age, cancer.

In the search for cause and cure of accident proneness among children, all studies indicate that parents themselves may be chiefly responsible.

They are to blame, first, says Dr. Neil Duncan, an Edmonton pediatrician, through the careless acts by which a grownup permits a child to harm himself. Who put candy-coated pills on the bottom shelf of the medicine cabinet? Who left the loaded gun in the den?

The other indictment goes deeper. According to some experts, a child's relationship with his parents, particularly the child's ability to "get through" to them, has a direct bearing on whether that child will become involved in many accidents or not.

The most recent study has been carried out by Dr. Flanders Dunbar. Dr. Dunbar has studied a large group of children, starting when they were under three years of age, then picking up their careers eight years later and examining their personal and family lives into their middle teens.

She found that one third of the children had no record of accidents. They belonged to families in which

ACCIDENT-PRONE CHILDREN

Persistent, even obstinate
Hotheaded
Impulsive, act on spur of moment
Stronger than average
Self-confident; insensitive to social feeling
Rarely show fatigue
Energetic, vivacious; overactive, meddling
Resolute to daredevil
Sometimes unmannerly and saucy
Involve others in their injuries

father and mother got along well, and in which the children were encouraged to talk out problems with their parents.

Two thirds of the children had accident records, ranging from one major and several minor injuries up to a point where accidents became almost chronic. These children came of parents who had some form of bad marital difficulty—quarreling, divorce, separation—which prevented their children from "communicating" with them.

Caroline is an example. When she was eight her mother and father were divorced. Caroline went to live with her mother, and her older brother with the father. From an early age both children had been exposed to scenes of violence between the parents. Caroline had many minor accidents, usually at a time when she was

under a strain or when she was making a supreme effort to control her temper.

Dr. Dunbar concludes that misdeeds to accident-prone children are the result of "ill-considered activity" carried out to relieve tension.

What can be done about it? Dr. Dunbar suggests two measures. Psychiatric treatment, especially if started early enough, can help. "Sometimes," she says, "a child can be made to understand that a parent's problems are big, too. Children have even been persuaded to feel sorry for the grownups and help to straighten *them out*."

It takes professional psychiatric techniques to teach such help-your-parents programs, however, and parents can get faster results if they simply take steps to remove the cause of their children's accident proneness by staying close to their children.

Other investigators agree with Dr. Dunbar that accident proneness and disturbed family life are connected. At New York's Bellevue hospital Drs. A. A. Fabian and Laretta Bender studied 65 children with severe head injuries and with histories of two or more previous major accidents each. In their reports there is frequent mention of "body covered with numerous scars." Probing into the background of these children, the two doctors found that 80% of them had parents who by reason of alcoholism, mental deficiency, general instability, or other physical or personality defects, "created an atmos-

phere in the home charged with hate, rejection, and violence."

Dr. William Langford and a medical group at Columbia university found, in a test-group study, that a majority of the mothers of injury-ridden children worked outside their homes, whereas none of the mothers of the uninjured group did.

Research workers are gradually building up a picture of the factors that go into making up an accident-prone child. Langford found, for example, that one characteristic of children with a history of accidents is a circle of relations who are themselves unusually liable to accidental death or injury.

Dr. Elizabeth Fuller, of Minnesota's Institute of Child Welfare, has approached the problem from the viewpoint of the child's appearance, attitude, and behavior in relation to

ACCIDENT-FREE CHILDREN

Give up in the face of obstacles
Tolerant, submissive, courteous
Emotions slowly aroused
Deliberate, cautious or calculating
Some physical handicaps, sometimes weak, endure fatigue badly
Self-conscious
Slow moving, timid
Hold their own, but yield when necessary
Seldom cause others to be injured

the number of his mishaps, regardless of the situation at home. Her survey is based on one school term's experience with 30 boys and 30 girls in one class. The boys had an average of six injuries each, and each girl had five. Other surveys indicate that boys are as much as three times more subject to injury than girls.

In Dr. Fuller's test group all the boys had some accidents, but eight of them had as many accidents as all 22 other boys combined. Some of the girls didn't get a scratch all term, but a group of four accounted for half the 30 girls' total accidents, with as many as 15 injuries each.

Even accidents that could be attributed to pure chance, like a cinder in the eye, were more likely to happen to accident-prone children.

Dr. Fuller concluded that accident proneness is "the habit of getting into certain injury-laden situations which the nonprone child would avoid."

Thus far, most research simply demonstrates that we don't know much about this new human problem. Little help is available to the parent who would like to learn about the possibilities of curing the "accident disease." Dr. Dunbar, who probably knows most about accident proneness, says, "A start has been made toward building a bridge over the swampy chasm that separates the physical from the psychic. When it is completed we may be able to deal with the fundamental causes of accidentitis as we now deal with the causes of malaria: by draining the breeding-ground swamps."



In Our Parish

In our parish in Massachusetts, two Sisters of St. Joseph who were studying education in a nearby college visited a public school to observe elementary-grade teaching methods. The children gawked at first, but they were a well-behaved group, and class went on as usual. It wasn't until after the nuns had left that one little boy raised his hand, and asked, "Teacher, who were the ladies in tuxedos?"

Miss Margaret Barry.

In our parish, a priest opened the slide in the confessional, and in the semi-darkness, made out two sets of eyes.

"What's this?" he asked.

One of the sets of eyes owned a small voice. It said, "Father, my little brother is such a fibber I came in with him to make sure he tells the truth."

LeRoy J. Hebert.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

By Paul F. Healy
Condensed from "The Sign"*



Martin Work of NCCM

Hollywood and Madison Ave. prepared him to lead Catholic men into America's mainstreams

HOLLYWOOD and Madison Ave. are not normally regarded as ideal training grounds for leaders of Catholic Action. Yet these two fountains of American slickness helped produce the energetic and imaginative Martin Work, executive director of the National Council of Catholic Men.

He quit them both, disenchanted, ten years ago. The soap-opera world's loss was the Church's gain. Since he took over in 1950, NCCM has quadrupled in size and broadened its activities.

Though NCCM was founded by the bishops of the U. S. back in 1920, many Catholics do not know exactly what it does other than sponsoring the *Catholic Hour*.

Martin Work has been trying to remedy this situation by giving talks up and down the land the year round. Since laymen generally are

too busy to convene regionally on weekdays, his talks keep him away from his family in a Washington, D.C., suburb at least one third of his weekends every year.

What Work "sells" is the purpose of NCCM and the need for an active, informed lay apostolate. He also spends much of his time in the delicate art of "negotiating" with bishops, through whom NCCM forms its diocesan councils. For a man whose first ambition was to become a radio announcer, he obviously has come a long way.

Now 42, Work is a young-looking, six-foot-four-inch 215-pounder. A caricaturist probably would stress long legs, a hand gesturing with a pipe, and an open mouth.

"I was always able to express myself," he says. "Just the gift of gab of the Irish, I guess."

Before Work became fed up with TV, radio, and advertising, his fluency had passed some hard tests. Perhaps the severest occurred in 1936, when he was choring for an experimental TV station in Los Angeles.

*Monastery Place, Union City, N.J. June, 1958. © 1958, and reprinted with permission.

One night Reid Kilpatrick, who was reporting wrestling matches, invited Work to keep him company. After the matches were under way, Kilpatrick asked him to take over the commentary for a few minutes while he went out for a smoke. Kilpatrick was gone for an hour and a half. Martin knew nothing about the finer points of wrestling, but he managed to keep up a stream of chatter about the grunting performers without breaking down in ignorance or laughter.

NCCM has no individual members. It is a kind of Catholic "trade association," a federation of some 10,000 local Catholic men's groups. As the voice of the male parishioner, it is an integral part of the National Catholic Welfare conference.

Work knows that membership statistics are meaningless if the average Catholic layman still does not participate in the life of his parish and try to exercise a Christian influence on society. NCCM now distributes through the diocesan councils suggestions for pulling the tired parishioner away from his TV set or his bowling alley. One booklet explains how to conduct 15 different kinds of meetings.

Martin Work has raised NCCM's voice by a good many decibels. Its most striking current project is *Rome Eternal*, a motion picture divided into four half-hour sequences relating the movement of Christian faith and culture from the time of St. Peter to Pope Pius XII. The film, written by

Paul Horgan, distinguished novelist and historian, was produced in cooperation with the National Broadcasting Co. It was telecast by 135 NBC affiliates during four consecutive weeks last winter, and was re-run on TV in August. NCCM will distribute it for private showing on 16 mm. film.

NCCM now regularly sponsors 48 half-hour TV programs a year on free air time over CBS and NBC, plus 130 half-hour programs on three networks. One of these is the Sunday *Catholic Hour*, now in its 28th year. Played over more than 160 TV stations thus far are 13 NCCM films entitled *We Believe*, spelling out what Catholics believe about 13 different subjects. U. S. military chaplains are using more than 1,000 copies of these films in their religious instruction.

Martin Haverty Work is a native Californian of Irish descent. His mother, Annie Haverty, came from Galway, Ireland, where she had taught Gaelic. She was killed in an auto accident in 1942.

Martin was born in Los Angeles on May 5, 1915. Of the five children in his family, he is the only one who escaped a fatal illness or accident. He was educated at St. Thomas grammar school, Loyola High school, and Loyola university in Los Angeles. His father worked hard as a landscape gardener; life was never easy financially. After high school, in the depths of the depression, young Martin worked as a truck driver to earn enough money to go to college. In

college, he won a gold medal for debating in his very first contest, and became active in dramatics.

Martin talked radio station KFMB into sponsoring a weekly program called *Loyola University of the Air*. He was producer and announcer. Then he broke out on another station with a half-hour variety show which he wrote and announced. Despite this extracurricular career, he won his B.A. degree *cum laude* in 1937.

Work remained at Loyola to set up courses in radio broadcasting and advertising. He kept his voice tuned up as an announcer, describing the "color" between the halves of the 1938 Rose Bowl game and of professional football games at Gilmore stadium in Los Angeles. And he earned an M.A. degree in literature from the University of Southern California.

In 1940, he left Loyola to write radio scripts for Tay Garnett, one of the top movie producers of the 1930's. One of them became *China Seas*, a radio serial featuring John Wayne and William Gargan.

About this time, Work made his first contact with ncwc in Washington. He was asked to direct network radio shows as part of the bishops' drive for their war-relief fund. He recruited Bing Crosby, Pat O'Brien, Loretta Young, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and other stars. The assignment led to his taking over production of *The Living God*, a radio Passion play presented annually by NCCM.

In 1941, he also became program

consultant for the new National Catholic Community service, the Catholic agency of the USO. This job took him to Washington and another turning point in his career. He ran into Tom Lewis, husband of Loretta Young and an advertising executive, who was then setting up the Armed Forces Radio service.

Lewis liked Work's ideas, and promptly "drafted" him. At 26, Martin moved into the Pentagon as a \$20-a-day special consultant to Secretary of War Stimson. He wrote some of the armed forces' first radio shows, including *Why We Fight*. Soon the army directly commissioned him as a 1st lieutenant so that he could be sent overseas to supervise creation of the "North African Network," eventually 19 front-line radio stations broadcasting information and entertainment to the troops.

He spent the last part of the war as a major and commanding officer of the Armed Forces Radio service at its production center in Los Angeles. In January of 1946, Lewis brought Work to the Young and Rubicam advertising firm as program executive in the radio-TV department in New York. Subsequently, he was transferred to Los Angeles as production supervisor of all the company's West Coast shows, including *Baby Snooks*, *Ozzie and Harriet*, and *The Ginny Sims Show*. This job gave him the responsibility of being liaison man between the agency and the client. It also gave him incipient ulcers. In 1948, he suddenly resigned

his high-paying west-coast position.

"Gradually, it began to seem of less than world-shaking importance how you described a cake of soap," he explains. "And I tired of the pressure of always having to be gay and smart. I had been the extra man at too many of the big stars' parties, and I was fed up with the glamour of Hollywood."

Meanwhile, in April, 1948, Martin married beautiful Maria Cespedes at the San Gabriel mission. She was a concert singer, born in Mexico of a Cuban father and a Mexican mother. Maria, a Lily Pons type soprano, still gives an occasional concert in Washington when she can escape from housewifely chores. The Works have three children: Juliana, seven; Christopher, five; and Kathleen, two.

Martin returned to Washington in 1948 as program consultant of NCCS, at the invitation of Msgr. (now Bishop) Howard Carroll, then head of NCWC. Two years later the top job at NCCM fell vacant, and its board of directors offered it to him.

What kind of action does NCCM produce down the line? Well, when the Grand Rapids, Mich., diocese conducted the first actual door-to-door Catholic census in the U. S., it was planned and staffed by NCCM. Other dioceses are now modeling their census taking on the Grand Rapids plan. In another project, more than ten dioceses asked their men to pledge themselves to start attending Mass on a weekday every

week. The response was tremendous. In Peoria, Ill., Mass attendance increased by 45,000 during an 88-week period.

When the Hungarian refugees needed homes in a hurry in 1956, NCCM made emergency calls to lay leaders around the country. The reaction was heartening. The El Paso, Texas, diocese alone took 15 Hungarians immediately.

Does all this activity mean that the Catholic layman in the U. S. is "coming of age"? Work is optimistic.

"In scientific jargon," he says, "the lay apostolate is on the verge of a 'major break-through.' Fossilized concepts of the role of the laity are disappearing. The old guard of lay leaders is either changing its ideas or being left behind. The idea that a mass parade down Main St. is the epitome of Catholic Action is on the way out. Instead, we are bearing down on modern techniques of organization and leadership training, group discussions, problem clinics.

"Give the average Catholic man a specific job to do and he gets it done quickly and well. We have asked too little of our Catholic men. We've been afraid to ask them to sacrifice. Our favorite excuse is: 'They're too busy: they haven't the time and energy.' That is nonsense.

"Look: in February, NCCM staged a leadership-training session in Paterson, N.J., for diocesan councils of Catholic men in the Mid-Atlantic states. At least 100 men spent, on the average, two days' time a week for

six weeks in preparation, and 600 men registered for training sessions that ran 12 hours on a Saturday.

"As a result of the Paterson conference," Work says, "seven dioceses which were represented there scheduled their own diocesan leadership conferences to extend the program deeper into the parishes."

The response to the offer to train lay leaders has been so great, in fact, that NCCM has had to set up a special department to handle material for workshop sessions. Three years ago, NCCM had no leadership training at all.

What problems are blocking the break-through? Work lists these. 1. Apathy on the part of many laymen. 2. Negativism on the part of some bishops and priests. 3. Lack of a realistic knowledge of the issues of our times and of the role that Catholic laymen can play in their solution. 4. Lack of interest on the part of college men in the lay organizations of their parishes. 5. Failure of lay groups to modernize, so as to attract young men with education and ideas.

Work has no simple solution to the problem of attracting more crew cuts than bald heads to Catholic men's audiences. But he is sure that meetings these days must offer something more lasting than casual beer-and-pretzel get-togethers. He notes,

for example, that the groups which hold efficiently run luncheons (and offer a stimulating speaker and a program of action) are by and large doing much better in attendance than the old-fashioned fraternal and recreational organizations.

As for the elusive Catholic intellectual, Work and his 35-man staff hope to bring him out of his ivory tower and into direct contact with Catholic organizations at the grass roots. They realize that this is anything but an easy proposition, but they think it would be "good for the intellectuals, good for the average guy, and good for the Church."

Work says, "A parish society that functions solely for the personal sanctification of its members—important as that is—is not meeting the full requirements of either the parish or the community. We need saints, but saints with an apostolic itch.

"NCCM is trying not only to create that itch but to put it to work in an intelligent way. How? Well, it won't be done merely by drowning the country with slick publications, no matter what's in them. If the man who gets them doesn't act, you might as well throw them into the gutter. And he won't act unless the fire is burning inside him. He has to so love God that the material he gets from us comes alive."



An out-of-business movie theater in Rockwell, N.C., has this announcement on its marquee: "By Popular Demand: Closed."

Will Jones in the *Minneapolis Tribune* (1 July '58).



WHEN I WAS 15, I was one of a half dozen girls and boys, including our Protestant minister's daughter, who would have lots of fun chasing through nearby Protestant churches. One day I suggested blithely to the only Catholic boy in the gang that sometime we should go up to his church.

He bristled. "Oh, no, we won't!"

I went home in a daze. What did his church have that it rated such respect? Why was it any different, any better, than ours? I had grown up thinking Catholic was a dirty word; its people fearful and oppressed—but he had defended it as he would his mother.

So I asked a Catholic girl friend (who is now a Sister of St. Joseph), if someday I could go to church with her. I went, and what I saw—the love and devotion of the people and the priests at Mass, and the respect for the house of God when it was empty—showed me plainly why we would not play in this church.

I am still going—with my convert husband. I was instructed and baptized by the same priest I had been told all my life was a fiend who had an arsenal in the church basement.

Mrs. Carl T. Groth.

AN EX-PRIEST stormed through our peaceful little town of Nampa, Idaho, in March of 1953, bombarding the Church with lengthy speeches and an article in the local newspaper.

Two days later there appeared a letter to the editor from a 14-year-old Catholic boy denouncing this "unfair and one-sided attack against the Catholic Church." Immediately all over the Boise valley interest was aroused, and the editor was flooded with letters, pro and con.

Then the pastor of St. Paul's church, the only Catholic church in Nampa, formally answered the charges made by the ex-priest, and invited anyone interested in the Church to come to a series of lectures that was beginning that week. Thirty persons came, and of the number, 22 asked to be baptized.

Pvt. Arthur R. Dodson, Jr.

I WAS A PROTESTANT who married a fallen-away Catholic out of the Church. We went to Louisiana, his home state. His family are all practicing Catholics, and they invited me to go to Mass with them on many occasions.

I thought the service beautiful, but saw no reason to change my religion.

One day, a sister of my husband explained to me that in the eyes of the Church my husband was living in sin. Her words made me so angry that I called on a priest, and asked him how a religion could condemn two persons very much in love who were practicing their marriage vows faithfully.

The Father, a Jesuit, calmly explained how it was true; and one meeting led to another and then instructions and Baptism and validation of our marriage. My six-year-old daughter and I took instructions together. Now all three of us go to Mass and the sacraments together, and know a happiness we had never previously thought possible.

Mrs. John Guidry.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

The Bridge at Mackinac

*It's the world's largest suspension span and
a magnificent achievement in courage*

MEN BUILT the Mackinac bridge. It is not merely "a triumph of technology," as editors said. Bridges are still built with sweat, blood, and hand tools. Growled veterans of Mackinac, "Don't them scissorbills know? Men built the Big Mack, not machines."

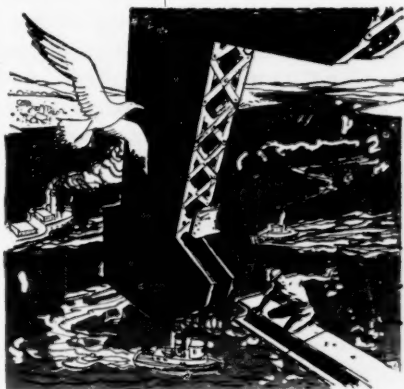
The Big Mack reaches five miles across the Straits of Mackinac, which connect Lake Michigan and Lake Huron. The bridge links the Upper and Lower Michigan peninsulas. It is wholly within the U.S., 51 miles south of Sault Ste. Marie and the Canadian border.

It is the world's mightiest suspension bridge, the most esthetically and aerodynamically perfect. But in 1954, when work began, skeptics, among them renowned engineers, were calling the project folly.

Boomer bridgemen, a clannish, truculent fraternity, swarmed in from 29 states for the once-in-a-lifetime professional privilege the Big Mack offered. They finished the Mack comfortably ahead of schedule last fall.

They did it safely, a feat they themselves regard as verging on the miraculous. Bridgemen, the unchallenged elite of the nation's industrial force, boast incredible skill. They rival the U.S. Marines for raw courage. Still, the Big Mack was the most critical challenge they've ever had to meet.

Everything considered, it might not have been *much* more difficult to bridge, say, the English Channel. If this gives you the notion that the hard-driving, hard-living bridgemen who built the Mack are something



more than ordinary mortals, you've got the idea.

And even the iron men of Mackinac needed luck. Luck they had. For instance, in August, 1956, a young Air Force pilot from Kinross Air base in Upper Michigan rolled his F-89 Scorpion fighter into a tight turn and gazed down reverently. The catwalks cleared the water by 180 feet.

"Why not?" grinned the flyboy.

Standing on the roadbed platform at Tower 19, a knot of hard-hatted, khaki-clad bridgemen stared pop-eyed. Down out of the north came the jet, nudging Mach 1. A half mile out, 100 feet off the water, it leveled out, streaked under the catwalks, and climbed away in a screaming turn.

Said an awed engineer, "There goes the luckiest throttle jockey in the world. He could have caused the most sensational disaster of the century."

The engineer wasn't exaggerating. The very next day, a crew of 100-odd bridgemen started dropping all but invisible half-inch storm-bracing cables for the catwalks. Had the flyboy waited one day, those unseen wires would have sliced off his wings, setting off rockets and ammo. Nobody knows if the then unsupported suspension towers would have stood the strain. At the very least, the impact might have flicked every man off the catwalks.

Had the Scorp connected that day, it could have used up the Big Mack's "accident quota" in one swoop. Pessimists naturally trotted out the time-

tested bridgemen's formula of "one death per \$1 million." Which works out to *exactly* 100 fatalities. There were harrowing near misses, but the Mackinac job killed only five men. One diver died of the bends, and four ironworkers "went into the hole."

In part, it was Walt Clawson, a tough, shrewd safety engineer for American Bridge, who prevented the expected massacre. Of course, Clawson had help. Foremen, supervisors, and engineers backed him.

Fun-loving iron slingers aren't the only things Paul Bunyanish about the Big Mack. The bridge itself, weighing 1 million tons in concrete and steel, is just about the biggest, most awe-inspiring structure of its kind ever built. More than 750,000 tons of it are under water. Its designer, world-renowned bridge architect David B. Steinman, calls it "the largest, safest, most imposing, most beautiful bridge ever built."

The Mack's suspension towers are 200 feet shorter than those of the Golden Gate bridge, and the California colossus boasts a six-lane highway, against four lanes for the Mack. But here comparisons cease. The Mack makes the longest uninterrupted overwater bridge crossing and is the world's longest suspension bridge by nearly half a mile. It has 34 piers in water up to 215 feet deep. The galvanized wire in its suspension cables could stretch twice around the world at the equator.

The Mack was the most expensive bridge in history to build, its nearest

rival, the San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge, having cost \$78 million. The Golden Gate, until now the world's longest suspension bridge, cost but \$38 million.

When I junketed to St. Ignace in July, 1957, the bridge, still covered with its red-lead undercoat, its road-bed and center spans still abuilding, seemed anything but the serene monument to engineering it is today. Excitement charged the air. In a few days, bridgemen would hoist up the final truss link.

In the corrugated office shanties, I first met hefty, blond Jack Denny, youthful general superintendent for Merritt-Chapman & Scott, the heavy-construction firm which built the substructures. I chatted with Art Drilling, the wiry, soft-spoken Old Man for American Bridge division of U.S. Steel, contractor for the superstructure.

Building a great bridge is high adventure. Blow by blow, it made exciting listening.

It started in the spring of 1954, when Merritt-Chapman put the first crews on the water. A couple of months before, nobody knew if the rock at the bottom of the straits could support a bridge. To make sure, engineers took core samples from pitching barges.

Merritt-Chapman finished the underpinnings on schedule in early summer, 1955. But it took some doing. Mackinac weather proved all it was cracked up to be. Summer turned out stormy and fog-ridden. In

spring and fall, shifting ice battered and trapped work boats. For dreary weeks, snow and freezing rain fell. During "calm" periods, heavy swells buckled one 100-foot crane boom three times. Vicious gales swept one caisson adrift, piled a derrick on rocky Mackinac island.

Men speak of those early days in awed voices. For instance, there's Bill "Whiz" McNaughton, craggy, gravel-voiced marine superintendent for Merritt-Chapman and later for American Bridge. McNaughton, the first man on the water in '54, bossed five powerful seagoing tugs, boats, launches, derricks, and barges through the two and a half years that the substructure was abuilding.

In the fall of 1955, a 70-mile gale marooned 12 men on Tower 19. It was bitterly cold, with 20-foot seas thundering against the tower base and sweeping the platform. The men huddled without food or heat in a flimsy shanty.

Says McNaughton, "In the morning we got them off. They were starving and half-frozen, but they didn't mind too much. They got paid double time for all those hours—and no work!"

Another time McNaughton had to call out his entire "navy," and nearly sink it, to prevent catastrophe at Tower 17. Icy rollers had started carrying away the entire north wall of the coffer dam. McNaughton lined up 17 tugs and personnel boats, gunwale to gunwale, noses pushing against the wall. He kept them

steaming full speed ahead for four hours, going nowhere, pitching and crashing together, while bridgemen got restraining cables on the wall and inched it back in place with steamboat ratchets. "In the end," said McNaughton, "we saved the wall. Amazingly, we didn't kill anybody."

But inevitably, on a job so king-sized, sooner or later somebody had to get killed. The caissons claimed the first victims. On different occasions, two ironworkers fell off scaffolds into the dark, oily water inside the tanks. One drowned; the other apparently had a heart attack. Next, Frank Pepper, the diver, died of the bends.

Pepper, with 20 years' experience, ranked tops in his business. Now a diver must ascend in easy stages to prevent the bends. But one morning, 130 feet down, Pepper was freezing, and decided to take a chance. He came up too fast, and broke surface writhing in agony. He was rushed to the decompression chamber, but it did no good.

For American Bridge, the rugged-est part of the superstructure was erecting the main towers, a job scheduled for, and completed in, 1955.

You built those towers tier by tier, 15 tiers high, elevating the creeper crane a tier at a time to haul up steel for the next. The towers swayed as much as two feet. Welders and riveters had to work on dancing stages against smooth, vertical steel, hundreds of feet above the water.

In late fall of '55 loomed the tick-

lish business of hanging the backstay spans. Again, tactics were daring. Fabricating crews built the 472-foot backstays in St. Ignace, then loaded them on floats, four floats to a span, with falsework frames holding them high in the air. Weeks were lost, awaiting calm weather. Then, in December, wind and snow at last subsided.

Tugs towed the top-heavy spans to position between the anchor and cable-bent piers. Winches took charge, locating the steel with meticulous precision. "All set!" came the report. The temperature hovered near zero, but the sea remained glassy. Thumbing a walkie-talkie, an engineer breathed "Now!" Seamen pumped water into the barges, partially sinking them. The spans, 750 tons each, settled quietly onto their cradles, not an eighth of an inch out of place.

Next came raising the catwalks in early spring of 1956. Handrails and the overhead tramway went up, setting the stage for the rigging of the cables.

Of course, you don't simply hoist up a 12,000-ton suspension cable; no winch could do it. Instead, you "spin" the cable in place, laying strand after strand of quarter-inch wire with a "spinning wheel" traveling monotonously back and forth the length of the catwalk. Ultimately, you compress the 12,580 strands and clamp them tightly with steel bands. The ends of the cables splay out over saddles at the anchor piers, and are bolted into eyebars buried

deep in the concrete. Finally, you drop the hundreds of suspender wires, and paint and wrap the cable.

Braving storm and cold, shrugging off peril, the indomitable bridgemen finished the "cable spinning" in late '56. In the spring, they started to hang stiffening trusses for the roadbed, spanning out simultaneously from the bridgeheads and in both directions from the towers. In July, the center truss went in, accompanied by elaborate public-relations fireworks. Shortly, the last trusses linked the side spans. It remained only to finish the roadbed, tighten a shipload of high-tension bolts, and paint several million square feet of steel sea-green and ivory. Except for such anticlimactic finishing touches, the world's mightiest bridge was a fact.

For practical purposes, the Mack, like the men who built it, is indestructible. It should last long after some new form of transportation makes bridges obsolete.

In fact, the Mack may be *too* durable. Recently, it was charged that unnecessary millions were squandered on extravagant strength needed to pacify doubting Thomases. Winds up to 600 miles an hour couldn't set the suspension spans oscillating, the weird catastrophe that flattened "Gallopig Gertie," the Tacoma Narrows bridge, in 1940.

More reasonable, neither a jet smacking the superstructures, nor a deep-laden ore carrier slamming full-tilt into a pier, would be likely to decommission the Mack. Only bombing might destroy it—that and one unlikely peril you'd never suspect: fire. Fire, perhaps resulting from a gasoline truck crash near one of the anchor piers, might take the temper out of the main cables. The consequences, say engineers, are just too horrible to contemplate.

But aside from this one Achilles heel, the Big Mack stands head and shoulders the finest, most colossal bridge ever built.



LADIES IN RETIREMENT

Some years back, two shady-looking characters dressed as nuns were reported by the conductor on whose train they were riding. They turned out to be mixed up in a theft, and were being hunted by the police.

One of the officers asked the conductor how he discovered that they were not really nuns. The conductor explained, "Well, you see, I been watchin' the nuns on these trains for years. They always get on the train and talk a little, pray a little, and laugh a little. They're happy folks, even if they are going to a funeral.

"But these two critters didn't pray, didn't talk much, and especially didn't laugh. I knew right away they weren't real nuns."

Sister M. Florian, O.S.F. in *Chamber Music*
(© Pageant Press, Inc., New York, 1958).

What to Do With Old Eyeglasses

Your discarded pair can help someone else to see again

ON ANY WEEKDAY morning, a certain parish-house basement in Short Hills, N.J., is a beehive of feminine activity. Around a long table piled high with old eyeglasses, leather cases, frames, and assorted old jewelry, a group of women works methodically.

One woman sorts out plastic eyeglass frames. Another, using a lensometer, tests used glasses. Another is busy separating a pile of miscellaneous material: old cuff links, metal eyeglass frames, or fraternity pins.

In one room, barrel upon barrel of sorted eyeglasses line the walls. In another are mailbags piled so high it is difficult even to open the door. In a corner, packages lie ready for the postman, addressed to missions in Africa, the Philippines, Ceylon, Okinawa, and other distant places.

The women are among some 75 volunteer workers of New Eyes for the Needy, Inc., an organization which has been buying new glasses for those who can't buy their own and supplying reusable glasses to foreign missions since 1932. Thanks to their work, a missionary in East Africa has been able to help an old man of 35 to see and thus become young again; a hospital in Texas has

provided prescription eyeglasses for a destitute patient; a boy in the Midwest, whose parents are too poor to afford new glasses, can see to hit a baseball again.

Each of the New Eyes volunteers devotes at least two and a half hours a week to the work. Last year the volunteers sorted more than 280,000 pairs of glasses. Some glasses filled special orders overseas; others were sold for the valuable scrap metal in



the frames. More than 31,000 pairs of glasses were sent to missions on every continent.

Operations of this magnitude are a far cry from the idea which was born in the mind of Mrs. Arthur E. Terry, of Short Hills, early in the depression of the 30's. While doing volunteer work in a Red Cross food depot,

she noted that many of the applicants were afflicted with poor vision.

She began collecting discarded glasses, and later turned to asking her friends to join in the effort. Quickly her idea grew into an organized venture. The president of a metal refinery in Newark, N.J., told her that gold frames and old jewelry, in quantity, were valuable. She began to collect frames and jewelry in earnest, selling to the refiner what she collected. With the first funds, she sent patients to a New York oculist, who examined eyes and prescribed glasses for a reduced fee.

Mrs. Terry wrote countless letters about her project to newspapers and magazines. She also made speeches to various organizations, and made several national radio broadcasts. The response was tremendous, and she soon had to take on help. The Junior Service league of Short Hills agreed to sponsor the New Eyes program. After Mrs. Terry's death in 1947, the league took over full responsibility.

New Eyes, Inc., is endorsed by such groups as the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, the Essex County (N.J.) Medical society, and by the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology.

Because nearly all the work is done by volunteers (New Eyes has only one salaried worker, a secretary), the group functions chiefly through committees. A distribution committee allots available funds to needy pa-

Send your discarded eyeglasses to New Eyes for the Needy, Inc., Short Hills, N.J.

tients and to hospitals throughout the U.S.

A jewelry committee sorts odd pieces of precious metal for the refinery. Another sees to the packaging of orders for distribution to foreign missions, and a sorting committee maintains an inventory of used glasses classified according to strength. Every contribution is acknowledged; and a publicity committee works continually.

Perhaps the most exacting work is that done by the testing committee. Using a lensometer, the women carefully grade each lens received. When a shipment of glasses is made to a mission, a pair of testing glasses goes along with the package.

Such testing lenses save a tremendous amount of time for missionaries like the vicar apostolic in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. The nearest oculist is in Khartoum, some 900 miles from the mission. Patients could not be sent such a distance for formal examination. But with the testing lenses, any person with a little training can fit a patient with simple, non-astigmatic lenses.

Redistribution of glasses to foreign missions is probably the most important work New Eyes performs. A missionary's success in making converts is often directly related to the temporal good he can do for his peo-

ple. When a priest in Uganda finds the natives shy he may first prove himself by bandaging a wound or setting a broken leg. But only recently have missionaries been able to give much help to natives afflicted with poor vision. Much of the credit must go to New Eyes, Inc.

Sometimes a simple pair of glasses has restored to youth the will to live. In the Philippines, one lad couldn't read his carpenter's rule. With glasses sent by New Eyes, he can again make a living. He also has found new pleasure in reading.

In Korea, too, glasses from New Eyes revive the will to work in war orphans and young war veterans. Eye diseases, especially trachoma, are widespread in Korea. Cataract operations are commonplace. Glasses can help bring such patients back to normal. New Eyes is always ready to supply them.

Cataract operations are commonplace also in Pakistan. One medical missionary there reports that of the 37,000 eye patients he has examined every year for the past seven years, only two had ever seen eyeglasses. "This will give you some idea," he wrote to New Eyes headquarters, "of the need we have for simple eyeglasses."

Another Pakistan mission hospital, catering specifically to the poor, offers a complete cataract operation plus ten days hospitalization for \$2.10. A pair of glasses to aid in recovery from the operation costs an additional \$1.05.

In many tropical areas, sun glare hampers recovery from eye diseases. Normally, patients are not allowed outdoors during daylight. Just such a problem plagued the 1,800 inhabitants of a leper colony on Okinawa until a shipment of ordinary sunglasses from New Eyes arrived.

A letter from a retired missionary in Africa is one of many which bring deep satisfaction to New Eyes volunteers. The missionary was completely blind in one eye and suffering the aftereffects of a cataract operation on the other. He was given a pair of New Eyes cataract glasses. When he found himself seeing clearly again, he wrote New Eyes headquarters that it was "truly a case of the blind seeing."

Although the New Eyes redistribution program is world-wide, 95% of funds raised goes to hospitals in the U.S. for prescription glasses for needy patients.

Special funds already have been set up in 66 hospitals (including the Father Flanagan Boys Town hospital) in 23 states, and with the New Jersey Commission for the Blind, the Prevention of Blindness society, Washington, D.C., and the Frontier Nursing Service. Special arrangements have been made with 116 hospitals and other specialized agencies, ranging from magnificent medical centers to one-room clinics.

Payment for prescription glasses and artificial eyes is guaranteed by the New Eyes for the Needy to 53 hospitals and welfare agencies in 18

states and several foreign countries.

Individuals can obtain payments for glasses if they have a certified need and a "contact" form. Such contact arrangements have been made with 69 hospitals and welfare agencies in 27 states. They also can be made through welfare agencies.

Through the funds supplied by New Eyes, thousands of needy persons in all corners of the country have been helped. A mother in Colorado reported this reaction of her young son when he first tried his new glasses: "Why, there are numbers on the clocks."

Cook County hospital in Chicago reports that a 16-year-old boy never had gone to school because he couldn't see. A successful operation plus properly fitted glasses brought his vision to 20/100 in both eyes. Plans are being made to start him off on a belated educational program. The hospital's files record hundreds of other patients who could not have been helped if it hadn't been for New Eyes, Inc. In a few instances, funds have been supplied for artificial eyes.

New Eyes is unique among charitable organizations in so far as it conducts no general fund-raising campaign. Every cent of New Eyes' annual budget is raised through the sale of scrap jewelry and eyeglass frames.

Glasses have been contributed by such persons as Herbert Hoover, James F. Byrnes, Arthur Godfrey, Groucho Marx, Robert Q. Lewis, Ed

Sullivan, Ben Fairless, Gen. Lucius Clay, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and Alexander Woolcott.

One contribution came from the Port of New York Authority: a pair of glasses a patrolman found on the George Washington bridge. A 2nd World War widow sent her wedding ring in memory of her husband.

A Puerto Rican girl, crippled and nearly blind herself, found out about New Eyes for the Needy through her local newspaper. She started her own drive for old glasses and jewelry, and from her bed sent thousands of pieces to the New Eyes headquarters.

The work of the New Eyes organization has become so well known in some quarters that many civic and social organizations conduct regular drives. Many lost-and-found departments, including those of several of the nation's largest department stores, regularly send contributions. Packages range in size from a few hundred pairs of glasses to the 175,000 pairs collected by the Lion's club in Tewksbury, Mass.

Typical of how volunteers feel about their work is the attitude of the present chairman of New Eyes, Mrs. Arthur F. Goat. She is a housewife with two children, eight and two, who has been working with New Eyes for the past three years, first as a committee member and now as chairman. She puts in an average of 20 hours every week in her task of coordinating the work of her committees.

The Honest Man in Politics

*Unless convictions and politics can mix,
our way of government cannot survive*

IF I WERE in politics," too many Americans seem to say, "I would always vote for what was right." They imply that the right course is always obvious, and that politicians never act on conviction but only from considerations of expediency.

In this election year most Americans are interested spectators of the political game: its tricks, its maneuvers, the fascinating mixture of cynicism and high ideals and the ways in which the two combine to achieve constructive purposes.

The reaction of the spectators to this game is important. As long as that reaction is based on an underlying faith that those who operate our political system will produce constructive action, then they will produce such action. Too often, however, the spectators have a cynical disbelief that politics can be anything but a dirty game.

Convictions vs. politics is a problem, of course. The practicing politician almost daily faces a choice of alternatives: Shall I meet a politi-

cally dangerous issue or avoid it? Should I resist the tide of public opinion to support a proposition when my action cannot be decisive?

There ought to be some rules of conduct for a politician. Must he continually crusade for his convictions? Can he ever justify compromise?

Most of those who support the politician do not expect that his views will agree with theirs all of the time. Americans are essentially fair-minded. They will allow the candidate of their choice a considerable margin of disagreement and independence. Many of those who differ with him, too, can be persuaded to accept the politician's point of view if it is effectively presented to them, and, most important, if they have confidence in him. We should also assume that the politician will not be inflexible. Hindsight may re-

Mr. Muskie is the governor of Maine, the first Catholic ever elected to that post. See "Muskie of Maine," CATHOLIC DIGEST, Dec., 1954, p. 82.

veal to him that a stand was wrong.

However astutely the politician conducts himself, there may come issues which sharply separate him from his constituents and about which they feel so strongly that they can no longer support him if he persists in his point of view. These are the issues, of course, which try a politician's soul.

When he is faced with such issues, the politician should remember that the privilege and responsibility of leadership require taking risks. It is still necessary to apply the techniques and tools of politics.

The 1st rule is: Get the facts and all points of view. The fancy name for this process is "research," the more descriptive one, "homework." The most effective impression a politician can make on an audience is that he is a man who knows what he is talking about. In practical-minded, hard-headed America, the man who can establish a logical, factual base for his argument has a universal appeal.

The 2nd rule: Seek advice and counsel. The politician should surround himself with those whose experience and judgment will enable him to weigh the facts. There is a tendency, after a man has been in a position of public responsibility for some time, to exaggerate his own ability to make the right decision. It is not easy to break through the ring of yes men who flock around a successful candidate.

A 3rd rule: Be decisive! The po-

litical leader should make his decision, without observable hesitation, cleanly and firmly. Once the decision is indicated, he should not retreat from it, nor fumble it. He should make it! Indecisiveness can destroy public confidence in a political leader about as quickly as anything except sheer dishonesty.

The 4th rule: Learn to use effectively the various techniques of communicating with constituents. Most people do not have the time, or will not take the time, to study thoroughly every public issue with which the politician may be concerned. Their awareness of a problem will depend upon the ability of the politician to attract their attention by means of images or impressions.

Honesty, ability, knowledgeability, decisiveness—these are some of the impressions a politician ought to try to create. A quip, a phrase, a picture, a chart—these ear and eye-catching devices may be more effective in making a point than an entire speech. I am not referring to slick salesmanship, but rather to the honest imagery which has always been the mark of the great orator, artist, teacher.

And there are so many instruments the politician can use: the press, radio, television. Each calls for different talents and different techniques.

The press conference is an interesting medium for communication. The way in which a question is answered may convey a more important

message than the answer itself. A "No comment" may arouse more speculation and thus attract more public attention than a direct answer would.

Politics is a profession requiring special aptitudes, a period of training and apprenticeship, and the development of skills and judgment which come only with experience and practice. Astute use of the rules and techniques I have described, given appropriate personal appeal, will enable the politician to retain his convictions, survive politically, and render constructive service.

Nevertheless, however well the politician plays the game, he should be prepared to face that issue which may come when his career is on the line, when the alternatives are conviction and political oblivion vs. expediency and loss of self-respect.

That is when conviction and politics must mix for our country's sake. That is when the politician must be prepared to spend his political bank account, which is the confidence of his constituents in his ability to think and act responsibly in the field of public affairs. That bank account was built out of the support of the hundreds or thousands of people who voted for him and of thousands more who have been impressed by his performance in office.

This bank account is his, not to hoard but to spend. He should spend it prudently and wisely, conserving it, so that when he is faced with the crucial issues he may have a substantial reserve. Then, if necessary, he should draw upon it unstintingly.

Do convictions and politics mix? Yes, if the politician has convictions.



Barge scratching its chin on the shore.
Mary C. Dorsey

As unwanted as a front pew.
Ruth McMurrough

Electric fan revolving like a wounded bird.
E. M. Forster

A scythe of wind. Edwin Way Teale

Cynic: man who looks both ways before crossing a one-way street.
Mrs. John B. Blanchard

Cattails thumbing a ride from the wind.
Mary C. Dorsey

Raindrops playing tag on the clothesline.
Mrs. Joe Carter

Surgeon's tense fingers balanced on panels of air.
Allan Rankin

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

A boy's best friend is his . . . aunt!

But "it is a great pity if she knags"



WRITING ABOUT that all-purpose relative, the aunt, a small boy made the following observation in a school composition. "It is a great pity if an aunt knags. She can be strict, although that is a pity too sometimes. But if you knag, you are not a good aunt."

Nagging, or "knagging," is expected from mothers but is not to be tolerated in aunts. A good aunt does not fuss about things like warm clothing. She never says, "Shouldn't he be wearing a sweater?" or asks embarrassing questions like "Where are those nice gloves I gave you for Christmas?"

She is careful about what subjects she brings up. She does not keep asking how you are getting on in school. She does not make comparisons, either. Maybe your cousin Jerome is smarter than you, but she keeps quiet about it.

A good aunt is not horrified by a big appetite. She does not say rude things like "Don't you ever stop?" or "I can't see where you put it all!"

She never gives your mother advice about you. Like "I'd send him to bed much earlier and get some peace" or "Why not make him pay for it out of his allowance?" or "Better take him to a psychiatrist."

A good aunt talks about sensible things: how you are doing at baseball, and the Lone Ranger, and rocket trips. She never tells you about when *she* was young, because that is very boring to you. She likes riddles, and takes three guesses; she doesn't give up right away, like your mother. And she laughs at your jokes, though you may have to explain some of them.

She buys tickets off you. If you have five chances left in your chance book, she buys them *all*! She comes to your school play (which is free) and your piano recital (also free) and she makes your uncle come—sometimes. She claps for everyone, but claps hardest for you.

*2400 N. Eddy Road, Notre Dame, Ind. June 28, 1958. © 1958 by the Ave Maria Press, and reprinted with permission.

A good aunt saves coupons for you; otherwise you would never have enough for a bicycle. And she always has the things you need. When Sister asks you to bring some pampas grass to geography class, your mother says, "What will she want *next*?" But your aunt says, "Let me think a minute, honey. I must have some pampas grass *someplace*."

She likes you the way you look. She knows that socks won't stay up and hair won't stay down. If she sends you to the barber, she doesn't shriek, "Heavens, they've scalped him!" when you come back.

She doesn't get scared easily, like screaming when you take a frog out of your pocket. When you make an ink tattoo on your arm, she doesn't say you will be blood-poisoned.

It is fun to go out with a good aunt. She takes you to the stores, or the

zoo. When you get to the monkey house, she does not say, "I'll wait outside." She knows that monkeys do not smell any worse than fish.

A good aunt gives you things you want for your birthday; which are not handkerchiefs or underwear. She knows you cannot have too many ray guns and space helmets.

The one thing she never does is spy on you and tell your mother. A good aunt is not a sneak. She gets you out of trouble if she can. Like when you break her good platter and she says, "He was only showing me how I could carry it on my head."

It is better for an aunt not to be married. She will have more time to look at your rock collection. But if she is married she can still be a good aunt. Because she can have children of her own and they will teach her a lot she ought to know about boys.



EARS TO HEAR

Joe mistakenly believed that he had musical talent. He couldn't read a note, but he spent hours listening to recordings of symphonies. He would gesticulate wildly, imagining that he was conducting a great orchestra.

When he suddenly inherited a fortune, he decided to fulfill a lifelong ambition. He rented a rehearsal hall and hired exactly 50 musicians: a drummer, two clarinetists, and 47 violinists.

As they attempted the first selection, Joe's aimless conducting caused so much confusion that the "orchestra" stopped playing.

After some argument, the selection was begun again, and again the conductor couldn't keep time. The drummer became so enraged that he pounded on his bass drum, causing a complete cacophony for several minutes. Then he stopped, and the silence was shattering.

Joe put down his baton and glared at the musicians. "All right," he said. "Who did that?"

American Mercury (July '58).

Missioners Who Were Your Next-Door Neighbors

The kid down the block is catching the "mission fever"

WHEN A FAMILY has grown up, sons and daughters go out on their own to found other families. That is just what happened to the Catholic Church in America 50 years ago. A decree from the Holy See on June 29, 1908, proclaimed that the U. S. was no longer considered a mission country. The American Church was on its own, ready to help establish the faith in other lands.

In 1908, fewer than a dozen Americans were working in the foreign-mission field, and they were all members of European or Canadian Orders. Today, more than 6,000 American priests, Brothers, Sisters, and lay persons are doing mission work of some kind in all parts of the world.

In the old days the term *foreign missionary* brought to mind a sort of Biblical giant, a man with uplifted cross, magnificent physique, and abundant beard. And those men were giants. They strode through pagan metropolises, jungles, deserts, each doing the work of ten men, each expecting to die a martyr (or at least a valiant confessor). When pioneers

were carving this country out of a wilderness, the European missionary in Asia as well as in America was carving a place for the Church out of bedrock.

Fifty years ago, an American boy or girl who announced, "I am going to be a foreign missionary" dropped a bomb in his family, neighborhood, and parish. Most Americans knew little of foreign lands other than those of Europe. All of Asia, Africa, Latin America could be marked "unknown and uncharted" in the maps



of their minds. To be sure, they knew those places existed. But nobody they knew had ever been there. Small wonder that few American youths dropped such bombs.

All that is changed now. The average American Catholic hears of Jim Dooley, that lad down the street, assigned to Peru, or Siam, or Arabia. Business acquaintances talk of "my daughter, the Marist Sister in Fiji" and "my son, who is a White Father in Africa." Over the bridge table, a proud mother reads the latest letter from Jimmy in India. Sisters in parochial schools tick off with quiet satisfaction the boys and girls they have guided into foreign-mission Orders.

Besides the Congregations devoted chiefly to missions, many other Societies in this country, whether of men or of women, maintain at least one foreign mission. They not only sacrifice much-needed personnel for the work of a world-wide Church, but throw their doors wide in welcome to priests and Sisters who must travel about the country getting aid for their missions.

In the last few years, moreover, the mission fever has infected the laity. Two international groups of women have been training lay apostles for some years in the U.S., and two more groups have arisen recently to train single men and married couples. Every day letters from volunteers come in to the big missionary Societies.

"I am a doctor and would like to

give five years to mission work," one man writes. Another asks, "Have you need of a good mechanic who can keep your jeeps and river boats in order?" Still another: "I am a carpenter. Have you a place for me in your mission organization?"

Most of these people are willing to give a term of years to the missions. They do not intend to make it a life-work. Some colleges urge their graduates to teach for the summers, or even for several years after graduation, in mission sections of our own country or abroad.

While all this activity is highly commendable, still it has been a bit loose-jointed. Each Society sent out its own missionaries, many of whom had little idea of what was before them, except that they were to start a school, or set up relief work, or teach catechism. The American Societies themselves had had no experience outside this country. Each group found out for itself the do's and don't's of mission work in its particular area.

In 1950, however, the Mission Secretariat was set up. This was the brain child of Bishop Thomas McDonnell, then national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and of several missiologists, among them Father John J. Considine of Maryknoll and Father Calvert Alexander, S.J. They had felt the need for a general secretariat in Washington to serve all mission Societies, and to be a bureau of information for all nonmissionary or-

ganizations interested in mission lands. In the fall of 1949 they engineered a meeting at Maryknoll, N.Y.

Some 23 missionary Congregations of priests and five of Sisters were represented, as well as the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, the Catholic Rural Life movement, the Catholic Relief services, and the National Catholic Welfare Conference. The United Nations sent representatives from FAO, WHO, UNESCO, and other groups. All these organizations are interested in mission lands, since missionaries often work in underdeveloped territories.

There was such stimulation in that smoke-filled classroom that many of those present urged that some kind of permanent link be formed between mission Societies. Thus, the Mission Secretariat was formally inaugurated in the spring of 1950 to function as a common meeting ground for Religious Societies and lay associations interested in sending personnel to foreign missions. In mission parlance, these are the "sending" societies, as distinct from the "aid" societies, which collect funds for mission work.

Under the executive chairmanship of Bishop McDonnell, Father Frederick A. McGuire, an energetic Vincentian priest, took over the secretary's desk. Father McGuire came from organizational experience in Shanghai and Hong Kong. He found a stiff piece of work cut out

for him in Washington. He would act as contact man for the State department and American personnel in many foreign countries; digest and combine information submitted by 134 "sending" societies; put volunteer lay workers in touch with bishops; channel all sorts of requests and complaints to the right persons. These are but a few of the tasks which have kept Father McGuire spry and young. Every day somebody steps right out of an adventure story into his little office in the basement of the NCWC building in Washington, D.C. There, over his desk, unfolds a tale which in spirit rivals that of St. Francis Xavier.

One of Father McGuire's chief duties is to plan for the annual meeting of the secretariat held in September, with Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, presiding. About 700 American foreign-mission personnel will attend this year's meeting in Washington, D.C., Sept. 22, 23, and 24.

Last year, more than 600 men and women got into huddles and thrashed out some of the problems which hamper mission work. In the gathering were approximately 100 superiors general or provincials, responsible for the work of thousands of priests, Brothers, or Sisters. A group of five such women superiors, for instance, was found to rule a spiritual kingdom of some 50,000 Sisters. "Discussion at the summit" among such leaders is bound to have a last-

ing effect on American missionaries abroad.

Not so authoritative but equally important are talks among those who train missionaries, both men and women. In what ways should the spiritual development of young Religious destined for missionary work differ from that of stay-at-home novices? What are the "missionary virtues," and how can they be inculcated to produce a successful man in the field?

The procurators thrashed out things like passport troubles and customs regulations. How can missionaries get materials into foreign countries without paying exorbitant customs and shipping rates? What are the chances of certain governments cracking down on immigration in a few years?

Those who operate schools in foreign countries had their sessions also. Vocation recruiters, magazine editors, medical workers, all got together on common points of interest. Some had spent years on foreign strands and were home for just a short breathing spell before setting off again. They had never attended such

a conclave before and would probably never do so again. To them, it was an inspiration to meet missionaries from other fields. Imagine how it would be, after you had spent 30 years on a mission in Africa, to talk with someone who had worked for 20 years in India.

In this golden-jubilee year of 1958, the Mission Secretariat meetings promise to be livelier than ever before. For one thing, the increase in American missionaries abroad has gone up 984 since 1956.

To much of the world, those missionaries represent the American Catholic. As a sort of side line, they are good-will ambassadors for our country, for they come from every social strata and from nearly every diocese.

At the same time, books and magazine articles written by missionaries bring to life the material and spiritual needs of our neighbors in other lands. And we at home know they are true tales, for are they not written by The Kid Down the Block who grew up to be a missionary priest or Brother, or by that Jones girl who is now Sister So-and-So away off in the center of Africa?



FUN WITH TV

Want to impress the small fry? Tune in that TV western that starts off with the hero drawing his pistol, pointing it in your face, and speaking a harsh line or two to indicate what the show will be about. Let him have his say, and then command, "Put that gun away, you sniveling border rat, or I'll slap your face!" And, unless they change the introduction to that show, he'll do it.

Ralph Reppert in the Baltimore *Sunday Sun Magazine* (18 May '58).

Should doctors tell all?

What you don't know can hurt you

AS A MEDICAL WRITER, I get many letters from readers. One was from a woman whose doctor was treating her for diabetic retinopathy. But what was it? What usually happens? What could she expect? These were the things she was asking *me*, a layman.

I have many other letters like hers. Although the problems are varied, the letters have one complaint in common: my doctor doesn't tell me enough.

If the things we don't know about what ails us can hurt (and there's more evidence all the time that they can) many people are being hurt today unnecessarily.

In medical journals and at medical conventions, there is much discussion of the problem of how much to tell a patient when you know he's going to die. Far more important, it seems to me, is the problem of how much your doctor should tell you to help you get well and stay well.

Not knowing exactly what is wrong with you can be a handicap when future ailments strike. I know of one woman who had an operation



two years ago. Her husband was never able to get a clear picture of what kind of operation had been performed on his wife. The woman herself was told nothing other than, "We'll have to operate," and later, "Well, you're going to be all right."

It turns out she isn't all right. She has the same trouble all over again. Her old doctor isn't around any more. Her new doctor, one of the country's top internists, is puzzled.

"If I knew what was found the first time, I'd be far ahead. If it was cancer, then almost certainly the return of the trouble indicates a return of the cancer. If it wasn't cancer, then what was it?"

Rare case? Not at all. Within two months, this one doctor has had half a dozen like it.

Another woman had a goiter re-

*912 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kan. July, 1958. © 1958 by Capper Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

moved and, later, radiation treatments on her neck. "She says her doctor refused to tell her anything," says the internist bitterly. "Now she comes up with weird symptoms that suggest the presence of a scattered cancer. I wish I could learn what type of tumor was removed from her neck. If the tumor was a certain type of cancer of the thyroid gland, the woman might be helped by radioactive iodine."

In Chicago, a distinguished and, happily, a very stubborn lawyer went to his doctor for a checkup. "The doctor told me," the lawyer relates, "that I have a slight murmur. And he stopped right there.

"I wouldn't budge until he took time out to explain. I finally learned that my electrocardiogram, blood pressure, and fluoroscopic examination indicated that I was in good shape. My murmur, the doctor said, was not unusual in patients over 60."

The lawyer was one of the fortunate patients. Nobody knows how many people have become invalids through thinking they have serious heart trouble—and all because of just such a cryptic remark. According to some authorities, patients almost scared to death by their doctors may account for 60% of all those who see heart specialists. A great many have nothing wrong.

Dr. Dwight H. Murray, former American Medical association president, says, "The patient comes to us in the first place because he is concerned about his physical condition.

He comes voluntarily and is ready to pay for our services. And so he has the right to know what we have discovered about him. When a doctor tells a patient, 'Don't worry about a thing,' he is not fostering a good doctor-patient relationship."

How much your doctor tells you when you're sick may be as much of a factor in getting you well as the treatment itself.

One Florida physician, reporting to the AMA, showed how much a few minutes of plain talk, plus a few rough pencil sketches explaining exactly what the trouble is, have meant to his heart patients.

"When the patient is able to understand what is going on, what has happened, and what can be done," he reported, "his mind is relieved. He takes medicine with more confidence, his days become more tranquil, and his nights are more restful. Therefore, his life is quite likely to be prolonged. Explanation of the condition may well be one of the principal keys to successful treatment."

In every illness, anxiety is important. Bad as the illness may be, fear can make it worse. Doctors themselves say that many illnesses are psychosomatic: emotion-induced. One study covering the practices of ten family doctors showed that half of all their patients had problems either entirely or largely emotional.

Full explanation can be a part of the doctor's prescription, sometimes the only prescription, in difficulties

that aren't emotional and aren't really organic either.

A man I know went from one doctor to another. He had a variety of complaints. He wasn't really sick. But he suffered from nausea now and then. He had headaches. He felt tired much of the time. Altogether, he was living in a kind of second gear.

He got high-potency and high-cost vitamins, "tonics," sedatives. One doctor even prescribed thyroid extract. None worked.

Then he visited one physician who, after a thorough examination announced, "One thing I can tell you definitely. You have no specific illness. Every organ is OK. But this I think is the story.

"Strain a piece of steel to 40% of its capacity, do it millions of times, and it won't deteriorate. But strain it to full capacity and it will never recover its original strength.

"A lot of us strain our bodies too much for comfort too much of the time. I think that's your problem. If you help, we can find out."

The patient kept a diary for a week. He jotted down his every activity—sleeping hours, smoking, drinking, working.

Then the doctor sat down with him and analyzed the diary in terms of what he called body input and output. He suggested just a few changes: a break for rest at this point, a little change in breakfast eating habits, a little more recreation. The patient's complaints vanished.

Says Dr. John R. Fowler, former president of the American Academy of General Practice, "Despite the amazing effectiveness of new drugs, many patients suffer from ailments that no prescription will help."

Many medical authorities are now insisting that Americans are being overdrugged. Too many antibiotics, too many hormones, too many antihistamines, too many vitamins and laxatives and sleeping pills are being used, say several University of Illinois Medical school physicians. Drugs have a useful place, they assert, but the doctor's job shouldn't be just to prescribe drugs. It should include giving advice to patients, some of whom are better off without medicine.

In the last few years, many drugs for controlling high blood pressure have been introduced. Valuable? Unquestionably. But not all patients getting them actually need them. Every drug, especially with long-continued use, involves risk. Even when the risk is big, the benefits to be gained can justify taking it. But if the benefits can be gained without the drug, why take any risk? And why have the expense?

Doctors once thought it bad practice ever to tell a patient what his blood pressure was. Now, many doctors even teach patients how to take their own blood pressure. They explain, too, how to adjust dosage of drugs until pressure is under control.

Reports a University of Michigan hypertension specialist, "The old at-

mosphere of secrecy not only served no useful purpose, it was positively harmful because it made patients anxious. The anxiety raised pressure. That could throw treatment off, and lead to excessive use of drugs. Now, freed of such anxieties, patients are keeping their pressure under good control with minimum use of drugs."

In treating other conditions, doctors have discovered ways in which patients can help themselves. One doctor tells the story of a farmer who suffered frequent severe asthma attacks. He was allergic—but to what? Skin tests with common allergy-producing substances proved nothing, so the doctor went over the whole problem with his patient.

He explained that the farmer might be allergic to almost anything and that the testing might go on for months without result. He suggested that the farmer himself, by his own detection work, might narrow the field.

The farmer was advised to keep a medical diary. Soon, he noticed that his attacks came only after he'd gone to town. Could it be something in his car? He tried driving to town with neighbors. In their cars, too, he got attacks. Next, he thought of trying a different road to town. No attacks. So it was something along the old road.

He went over both roads thoroughly. There were several things along the old road that weren't present on the other one. A swamp elder, for one thing. Sure enough, skin testing

proved it to be the source of trouble.

Could frankness with the patient obviate unnecessary surgery? Dr. George Crile, Jr., one of the country's top surgeons, thinks so.

If you have a perforated ulcer, or acute appendicitis, he points out, you know it. Unquestionably, you need an operation.

But the necessity for many other operations is not so clear-cut. You should be allowed to make the decision about these operations calmly, with the benefit of full information from your surgeon, Dr. Crile says.

On other grounds, too, many doctors now urge that the medical profession drop old attitudes of "what the patient doesn't know won't hurt him."

Today, most of us travel more. People far from home are sometimes taken gravely ill. When uninformed about their past illnesses and operations, they've been unable to provide clues for physicians called in suddenly in the emergency. Because there was no time to lose and little to go on except the immediate symptoms, fatal slip-ups have occurred.

Some doctors argue that a patient should not only be told exactly what's wrong with him; he should be told in writing. Some doctors advocate a standard-form medical-information card for every patient.

But one of the most important reasons for a change in the relationship between doctor and patient is the change that has been taking place in the prevailing types of illness.

It was one thing for a doctor to take charge in an acute emergency, saying, "Take this medicine, do as I tell you, and don't worry."

But now that most acute illnesses have been conquered, it's chronic illness which poses the greatest problem. In chronic illness, the patient's understanding of his condition is essential if, as Dr. Howard A. Rusk puts it, "he is to live within the limits of his disability but to the hilt of his capabilities."

Some physicians insist that certain people lack the emotional stability to take bad news. They may even lose the will to live. But more and more physicians feel certain that most people, in the face of serious news, can bear up well. Moreover, if the doctor holds back information, the patient may worry even more.

Some patients, of course, like to talk and hate to listen. Others have so little education that the doctor, if he is to explain, has to start from scratch. But more and more patients are becoming better informed medically, and, as a recent medical report

emphasizes, "Every physician is essentially a teacher."

Much help is available to the doctor in this task. There are now many medical pamphlets like those the armed forces used during the 2nd World War. The Veterans administration publishes many. So do other government agencies and national health societies such as the American Heart association, American Diabetes association, American Cancer society, and National Tuberculosis association.

On the walls of an ancient Egyptian tomb is a picture of a man undergoing an operation on his toe. According to the writing beside it, the patient was saying to the surgeon, "I don't want it done that way," and the surgeon was saying, "Keep quiet; I am doing this."

Today, you have every right to expect your doctor's attitude to be: "Here is what the trouble is. Here is what we can do. Shall we try it?"

You're going to find it increasingly easy from now on to find a doctor with that attitude.



BALLISTIC MONUMENT

Sen. John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts told this one when speaking at a banquet in Connecticut.

"Just about the time we were having all that trouble trying to get a satellite up in orbit, a fire broke out in the Washington monument.

"A man who had had too much of the juice of the grape wobbled by as smoke poured from the windows of the monument.

"He took one look and shouted, 'You'll never get it off the ground.'"

Magnificat (May '58).

The Case of Cornelia Connelly (II)

*Wife, mother, and nun,
she is an extraordinary
candidate for beatification*

WHEN CORNELIA CONNELLY arrived in England from Rome on Aug. 15, 1846, she was a stranger without a single companion. Her husband, a convert from the American Episcopal ministry, had recently been ordained a Catholic priest. At the request of the Pope, Gregory XVI, Mrs. Connelly went at once to see the vicar apostolic of England's Midland district, Bishop Nicholas Wiseman. With characteristic enthusiasm, Wiseman asked her to begin in England a teaching Order for women.

If the bishop had any misgivings concerning Mrs. Connelly's background, he did not reveal them, perhaps because she was in many ways remarkably suited for the task he asked her to undertake. She was a beautiful and charming woman who knew and understood children. She had had a first-class private education in her native Philadelphia, was armed with ideals and enthusiasm, and had none of the prejudices and traditions of the English past. She was just the person he needed to help



unite the brawling English Catholics, who were sharply divided into the "old" and the "new."

The old Catholics were mostly laymen. For 300 years their families had given their lives, their wealth, and most of their property for their faith. Now, as Parliamentary reforms gradually released them from persecution, they found themselves leading, by force of habit, the brave, restricted, dogged lives of a minority. The inherited memory of quickly-said Masses in hidden chapels had left them with little taste for ceremony. To them the new Catholics seemed hopelessly blatant, affected, clerical, and foreign.

The new Catholics included

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churchmen like Wiseman, whose Italian education had given him a fondness for protocol and ceremony, and respect for scholarship; and converts like John Henry Newman and W. G. Ward, who brought to their new faith a missionary zeal and a sense of religious destiny.

Wiseman thought there was one sure way to reconciliation and unity: education, particularly for women.

For years no one had considered girls worth educating. As long as they were pretty and learned to master the drawing-room accomplishments of their age, and as long as they stayed in demure seclusion until they could acquire good, rich husbands, nothing else mattered.

Mrs. Connelly had the care of three young children of her own, but it was typical of Wiseman to overlook all obstacles to his plan. She was to open a school at once.

Philadelphia and her Protestant childhood must have seemed very remote to Cornelia as she listened to Wiseman's optimistic predictions for her Order. Her life had been almost without event until her husband's conversion ten years earlier. She had struggled briefly against his decision, but once she had embraced his new faith, she lived it without reserve. It had been her strength against the criticism of her family and friends, and her comfort when two of her children died.

She was 32 years old when Pierce told her that he wanted to become a priest. They were expecting their

fifth child. Heartbroken and confused, she had agreed to a separation only because her spiritual advisors assured her that Pierce had a special vocation. Together, she and Pierce had gone to Rome, and there, at Pierce's insistence, she had agreed, as a condition of canon law, to become a nun in order that he might be ordained.

By October, 1846, Bishop Wiseman had found a place for Cornelia to begin the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. It was a bleak, rambling building next to the church and presbytery of St. Mary's in Derby, a heavy-industrial town of 40,000 people. When she first saw the building, she remarked with justifiable irony, "This is not Bethlehem."

Nor was it. Cold, vast, and impractical, it was to be run by three impoverished women: Cornelia and her first two recruits, Sister Aloysia Walker and Sister Emily Bowles, daughter of E. C. Bowles, Newman's great Oxford friend. Two of Cornelia's children, Adeline and Frank, were to remain with her, while Mercer, the oldest, attended a Jesuit boarding school.

In the next two years she gathered at Derby a Community of eight Sisters. On Wiseman's advice, she opened, in addition to the parish school, a small boarding school for young ladies. The prospectus advertised, at a fee of £25 a year, "English and French, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Grammar, Sing-

ing, and the Principles of Church Music. Drawing, Plain Needlework and every kind of embroidery, tracing, point-lace, stitch, etc."

But while her convent and schools prospered, Cornelia had a growing private difficulty to contend with. Pierce, who had been ordained in Rome, had accepted the position of tutor and assistant chaplain on the estate of Lord Shrewsbury, in England.

From the moment of his arrival, he had been miserable and unsettled. He was discouraged from seeing his wife both by his ecclesiastical superiors and by letters from Cornelia, which reflected Wiseman's disapproval of such a meeting. But he had been happily married too long not to miss her. He wanted her to tease and flatter him about his success, to laugh at his jokes in private while she upheld his dignity in public. He wanted to hear and talk about the children, to be comforted in his loneliness.

Their separation saddened Cornelia, too. In a strange and revealing letter, one of the few which has come to light from Cornelia to Pierce, she wrote: "I have waited until now, hoping, if you came in an early train, you might drive up to the door to see and kiss little Frankie without getting out, and I have hesitated whether I should go to the train or not . . . I am disgusted with the clergy and the grossness of the people that seem too coarse to understand spiritual things. I was so disappointed in not

hearing from you this morning."

They decided, by letter, to send the two younger children to school: Adeline to the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre, in Chelmsford, and Frank to a school for small boys at Hampstead, both far away.

For a time the children were happy, but Cornelia soon became lonely without them. Frank was just four, and she had never been without him. Eleven-year-old Adeline was miserable, too. "It is so hard to be without mama," she wrote, and "Copied for my dearest, darling mama by Adeline Connelly," she scribbled on her edition of *The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck*.

Towards the end of 1846 Pierce's letters to Cornelia had that familiar wistfulness that always heralded some unexpected and tumultuous course of action. "Things are very quiet and slow just now," he wrote. A few months later he decided to wait upon discretion no longer. Taking Dr. Winter, Lord Shrewsbury's chaplain, with him, he went to Derby to see his wife.

The convent went into an uproar. Soon after he left, Sister Emily, without permission, wrote to him reproachfully: "Why did you come here? I wrote to Wiseman that you had been here and he beautifully says this morning, 'I am sorry, very sorry, for Mr. Connelly's visit. A young house must escape even ill-natured censure as much as possible.'" Pierce was furious. Cornelia wrote to try to calm him, but his pro-

tests grew louder and stronger. He was beginning to brood about the children. Somewhat belatedly, he saw what their future would be like in the half-world of foster schools and institutions. In his letters to Cornelia, he implied that Wiseman was trying to keep them from acting together over the children.

Gradually his restlessness settled on the possibility that he might become a patron and director of Cornelia's Order. He had wanted her to model her Rule upon that of St. Francis de Sales, and he now began to take up the point at length in his letters to her.

Cornelia wrote back evasively, but Pierce demanded action. He had been angered by Wiseman's rebuke, and was feeling generally resentful of diocesan authority. Why should Cornelia's Order come directly under a bishop? Many of the French Orders did not.

Unknown to Cornelia and Wiseman, he composed and sent to the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith (the Vatican department dealing with missionary territory, which England was until 1908), a revised Rule which laid great stress upon exemption from episcopal visitation and contradicted many other provisions of Cornelia's Rule.

Suddenly and without warning, he took the three children from their English schools and fled with them to Italy. Some time later he admitted that his chief reason was to hold

them as hostages to tempt Cornelia back to him.

When she learned of his flight with the children, Cornelia could see only two alternative courses for herself: to give up the convent and go to him, or to remain in hope and prayer. She chose the second course, and stamped her decision with a vow. On Jan. 1, 1848, she wrote: "In union with my crucified Lord and by his most precious Blood; in adoration, satisfaction, thanksgiving, and petition, I, Cornelia, vow to have no further intercourse with my children and their father, beyond what is for the greater glory of God, and is his manifest will through my director, and in case of doubt on his part through my extraordinary [confessor]."

IN ITALY Pierce's reputation for piety had been preserved by his absence. He spoke excellent Italian, and his plausibility was great in any language. In an age of slow communication, Rome came to accept him as the founder of the Society. Gregory XVI had been succeeded by Pius IX, who was totally ignorant of the discrepancy between Cornelia's and Pierce's Rules. He gave the Order his general blessing and presented Pierce with a small gift to take to his wife.

When Cornelia learned of Pierce's activities in Rome, she wrote hurried protests to Propaganda, but by the time they arrived, Pierce was back in England, "fortified," as he wrote,

"with the authority of Pius IX to see Cornelia," and "with a present and the apostolic blessing to give her from the Pope." On June 3, 1848, he descended upon the convent and demanded to see her.

According to Pierce, the convent chaplain went to tell Cornelia and, coming back, refused to let them meet, whereupon Pierce fell weeping on the sofa and remained for the next few hours in the convent parlor to rage and plead. He left in fury. Now and always he refused to consider Cornelia a willing agent. She was trapped and confused, imprisoned in the will of others.

But Cornelia, in a note to Lord Shrewsbury, implies a very different attitude: the human resistance of a mother who refuses to be blackmailed. "I should have preferred going on in the same way with Mr. Connelly, letting time clear up all things," she wrote. "But now circumstances have made it my duty to take a decisive step with him. Every other means proved useless, only exciting him the more. I have now destroyed every hope he may have of ever having any authority over the convent and shown it in the clearest way. When Mr. Connelly has proved his sincerity by sending my little girl to me, he may then have the necessary intercourse by letter and even an interview."

Self-pity, indignation, righteousness, and wrath warmed Pierce to a full-blooded counterattack. He began by writing to the bishop, accus-

ing the convent chaplain of gross immorality. As his frustration grew, his accusations got harsher and his stories taller.

In vain, Wiseman wrote continually to Pierce, and to Lord Shrewsbury, who still supported Pierce. "The Church," he explained, "never sanctions a married man to be a priest without his wife *at least* taking a vow of chastity, but I think I can say *never* without her embracing the Religious state; unless they stipulate to live in different countries. The old canon law, long before the Reformation, decreed this. Mr. Connelly had given his full consent to Mrs. Connelly taking vows (I have it in his writing) as a condition to his own ordination. He has no rights as a husband whatever before the Church."

But the argument had become academic, for Pierce had already gone to law.

The bishops took no steps towards arraigning Pierce's powers of priesthood. They were determined that he should not see himself as a martyr to his own cause. Pierce insisted throughout the long years of argument ahead that he acted from the noblest of motives. "I vowed to God to do what I am now doing, if necessary, the day I waited six hours in vain at the convent. . . . I have rebelled against these worthless bishops. . . . The gist of all my duties is to rescue my blessed wife from the hands of devils . . . even though I break up every convent in England for 50 years to come."

For Cornelia, a new fear lurked behind the alarming prospect of a public trial. As the first rumors of Pierce's apostasy reached her, her anxiety for her children was made more poignant by her fear for their religion.

On Jan. 25, 1849, she was served with a writ. She sent it to Wiseman, who answered at once, "You will be fully instructed what to do. No personal appearance will be required in this suit. I will look after everything for you."

THE CASE of Connelly versus Connelly came into the Court of Arches in May, 1849. The plaintiff, Pierce Connelly, pressed his suit for restitution of conjugal rights on the ground that he would be liable for any debts that might be contracted by Mrs. Connelly. The plea of the defendant, who did not appear in court, was based on the legality of the separation effected at Rome. The judge admitted that deeds of separation decreed by proper courts abroad were entitled to consideration in English law, but refused to admit a papal decree. He denied the defendant's allegation that the couple had been legally separated in Rome, and gave judgment in favor of Pierce. Cornelia was condemned to prison if she did not return to him.

Pierce was jubilant. "The lawyers' letter in my hands says, 'She may now be compelled by force to return,'" he wrote to Dr. Winter in a letter which finally turned both

Winter and Lord Shrewsbury against him.

But Cornelia immediately lodged an appeal against the decision of the Court of Arches, a move which automatically suspended her sentence. It was nearly two years before the case came up for retrial. Meanwhile, from every side came persuasions to Cornelia to escape from England. It was rumored that Pierce lay off the coast of Sussex in a yacht, waiting an opportunity to carry her off as he had already carried off the children. A neat pile of ordinary clothes lay always in her cell for a quick disguise or getaway.

IN SEPTEMBER, 1850, Wiseman was called to Rome. The Pope had decided to restore the hierarchy in England, and Wiseman was to be both cardinal and archbishop. The news of his promotion brought a violent reaction from the English public. Editorial writers called it "foreign lunacy," and "one of the grossest acts of folly and impertinence Rome has ventured to commit since the Crown and people of England threw off its yoke." Priests were stoned and the Pope and Wiseman burned everywhere in effigy.

It was not an auspicious moment for a stranger and a Catholic to have her incredible and unpromising appeal tried before a Protestant ecclesiastical court. It is a tribute to British justice that Cornelia won her case.

She did so by good luck as well as on a point of law. The Privy Coun-

cil agreed with her that the legal separation effected at Rome should be admitted by an English court, but insisted that additional information as to the marriage law of Pennsylvania and the law of domicile in Rome was needed before final disposition of the case. The central question was therefore still at issue. Pierce could have pressed for a new trial, but he was already liable for total costs, and he had no money.

The case was dropped, but where the law left off, the press, encouraged by Pierce, took over. He persuaded an impressive committee to supervise the raising of funds for the continuance of his campaign. Formidably, pamphlet followed pamphlet: *The Coming Struggle With Rome, Not Religious But Political; Domestic Emancipation From Roman Rule; Reasons for Abjuring Allegiance to the See of Rome*. Each pamphlet set out to reveal the "detestable enormities of Rome." Not all the arguments were restricted to Pierce's personal grievance. Moving hotly from the particular to the general, he laid siege with agility and skill to the main bastions of the Roman faith. Wiseman engaged him in public battle in the *Dublin Review*.

Pierce insisted throughout the controversy that he did not wish to enforce his physical rights as a husband. He had entered the only legal plea he could use in English courts to obtain authority over Cornelia. He missed her and he wanted to see her, but he convinced Cornelia and

himself, as he convinces his readers today, that he missed her for her sympathy and her strength and her reflection of his own glory.

In spite of the pamphlet sales, in



spite of the fascination of learning that a "Roman Catholic may any day have the duty of shooting his sovereign imposed upon him," and that celibacy is a "myth without basis in Catholic dogma or fact," the public, who deliriously shared his views, did not succeed in raising the funds that Pierce required. At one point he would have been threatened with a debtor's prison had not Cornelia, strongly advised by Wiseman, refrained from suing him.

Cornelia's supporters were convinced that Pierce was temporarily insane. He had reached the same conclusion about her. He wrote to her brother, "I begin to fear her heart is wholly with the devils who have made use of religion to root out of her all that ever made us love her

as woman rarely has been loved."

Pierce wrote once more to Cornelia, in 1853, to beg her to return to him. She refused, and he never saw her again, although he remained friendly with Sister Theresa, one of her nuns, who was appointed as go-between. For years Sister Theresa wrote to the children and sent them presents.

PIERCE RETURNED to Italy with Adeline and Frank. There he was welcomed back to the American Episcopal fold. He emptied all his energy and inspiration into his new ministry, and for the rest of his life served as the American Episcopal minister in Florence.

The children were together, and if they learned in time to blame and reject their mother, they at least had found a home and some semblance of family unity. They were devoted to their father. Adeline led a life of gentle, thankful dependence on him and on her brother Frank, who became a well-known sculptor.

Frank never forgave his mother. He was always ready to inveigh against the irreparable damage he suffered from being motherless, and he preserved to the end of his long life a touching romanticism about the power of human love. Both he and Adeline visited Cornelia when they were grown up, but the visits were not a success. Adeline timidly refused to be drawn into affection or argument; Cornelia did not live to know that her daughter eventually

returned to the Church of her Baptism. Frank went to see his mother twice, but only to plead Pierce's case and to express his own hurt anger.

But Cornelia's suffering over Adeline and Frank did not compare with her suffering over Mercer, her first-born, a gentle, dreamy boy. From the first time that he had seen his mother in a black, unfamiliar habit, living in an institution as its head, he had received bad reports at school. He had loved and venerated Cornelia, written to and confided in her, but now she no longer seemed to be his mother. Shortly after Pierce returned from Italy with him, Mercer left England to find work in the U.S. He was 18 years old.

When Cornelia learned that he was in America, she tried to get permission to visit him. She wrote to her old friend, the Bishop of New Orleans, who answered, "I entreat you to guard against the temptation. I have not the least doubt that as soon as Mr. Pierce Connelly would hear of this move on your part he would be here soon himself, and I am equally sure that what he has attempted in vain in England he would obtain in this country." The bishop had seen Mercer, who was by now a firm Protestant and convinced that the Catholic Church had been unjust to his father. "His prejudices shall ever be in favor of his father and rather adverse to you," the bishop told Cornelia.

In 1853, Mercer died of yellow fever. He was not quite 21. Cor-

nelia's grief was almost insupportable. "I cannot help it," she said in explanation of her tears to the few nuns who witnessed them. "You do not know what it is to be a mother."

But her tears were rare. She almost never gave evidence of her private thoughts and feelings. "I must not dwell on deep sorrow," she wrote in her diary, "for I am without the power of remedy. I can only cause distress to others by my tears; useless tears unless they move the heart of my Lord to pity."

She turned her attention wholly to her Order. In an age when most teaching followed a dreary routine she inaugurated many unusual and stimulating theories.

She had great sympathy with the restlessness of children and based all her methods on awareness of this characteristic. Half-hour class periods were separated by five minutes of fresh air and freedom. Lessons were based on games and stories, on drawing and acting—methods that today are commonplace but were unrecognized in her own day. She was appalled at the amount of learning by heart, and made it a rule that nothing was ever to be memorized that had not first been clearly understood.

For the children it was a life of humor and fun as well as work; Cornelia held that a happy child is, with a few exceptions, a good one. Trust replaced constant supervision. Out of the suffering she had unwittingly inflicted upon her own children, she had, perhaps, learned the

intuitive sympathetic understanding of others which is the keystone of her educational system.

The Holy Child Sisters were soon in demand throughout England, and opened new schools as fast as they could provide qualified teachers for them. In 1876, when Cornelia went on a visit to America, her two convents and parochial schools there were doing well. She opened yet another in West Philadelphia, and later that year established her last personal foundation, the Petit Chateau at Neuilly, France.

Her students knew nothing of the frequent controversies which she concealed with apparent calm. Uncertainty about her Rule shadowed her last years and kept her in suspicion and suspense until the day of her death. Clear-sighted, determined, and sometimes angry, she would argue vigorously with her bishops, but she always finally obeyed.

THE LAST YEARS of her life were spent on the shores of loneliness. She was isolated by age, disapproval, and the deaths of many of her nuns and friends. At the time of her death, her Rule, which she had submitted to Rome 31 years earlier, had still not been approved. Pierce's contradictory Rule submitted directly to Rome, the scandal of his lawsuit, and the gradual opposition of many members of the hierarchy (including, to her great sorrow, Wiseman) had prejudiced Propaganda against her. The rejection of her Rule was the

hardest trial of her last years of life.

Even in her Community there were some who felt that she should either resign or live in retirement. Such feelings were not voiced, but they were none the less poignant. Writing to one of her Superiors, Cornelia revealed her sadness: "Do not allow your heart to be wounded, and if it is wounded in spite of your efforts, stitch up the wound with the love of God."

She spent long hours in prayer and meditation, and seems, in her last months, to have enjoyed a mystical union with God that softened the impact of the practical world and her reactions to it. She became curiously remote from the Rule and correspondingly optimistic: "Our Rule will be given back to us one day to the letter." It was the casual certainty with which she spoke that made the remark memorable.

IN THE SUMMER of 1877 she moved to her novitiate at Mayfield, whose tranquillity she had always loved. The novices knew nothing of the troubles that were running beneath the surface of the Order. They enjoyed Cornelia's gaiety and laughed at her stories. She had a powerful intuitive sympathy with loneliness and fear, and the young women found her a wonderful listener. She became very fond of chess in her old age, and both novices and children came in the evenings to try to beat her in the game. They were not successful.

She continued to write and to take an interest in her convents until January, 1879, when a particularly virulent form of eczema spread out over her whole body. The irritation was intense, but she did not complain. After Communion in the morning she could be heard singing the *Adoro Te* and her favorite hymns. On April 14 she received the Last Sacraments. A few hours later she was unconscious.

For four days those around her were unable to tell whether or not she regained consciousness, except for a brief moment on the 17th when, as if to subdue the irritation, she pressed one doubled hand against the other three times, saying, "In this flesh I shall see my God." But the rash broke through her unconsciousness, twitching the muscles of her face and giving off a dry, still heat. The rash added to the horror of death, depriving her of all comeliness and repelling those who came to help her. On the morning of the 18th the discoloration grew to a bright, sickening red.

At a quarter to one on Friday, April 18, without regaining consciousness, she died. And as she died, the rash faded into the clean white pallor of death. It was a strange dramatic moment, for as it faded Cornelia's beauty returned, swept back, it seemed to those who watched, by the hand of God. It was exactly 33 years since the day on which she had set out from Rome to begin her Order.

There was little pageantry to see Cornelia to her grave, and only the tears of a few. Even her funeral was a matter of indifference outside her convent. "I am most grieved," wrote her bishop, James Danell, with whom she had often argued, "that you have lost your good Mother Foundress. Let me know the day of the funeral as I propose to come to it — Tuesday or Wednesday next would be the most convenient to me. If you have it on Monday I should have to come fasting, as I cannot come on Sunday evening." But Cornelia won the last round with the bishop; she was buried on Monday and he had to come fasting.

Her body was lowered into the earth at Mayfield on a mild spring day. In 1935 her remains were removed to the Mayfield chapel, where, beneath a stone image, crusaderlike and white, she lies today. Inscribed above her are the words: "Love knoweth no measure, feareth no labor, maketh sweet all that is bitter, findeth rest in God alone."

When Pierce learned of her death, he wrote a kind, impassive letter of condolence to Sister Theresa. Four years later he himself was dead. Adeline wrote to the Reverend Mother who succeeded Cornelia: "I had his hand in mine when he breathed his last gently as a little child. . . . He was my work, my life, my happiness."

After Cornelia's death, her name was not mentioned in her convent; her memory was banished, as if in fear that it would destroy her works. Even outside the convent, the name of Cornelia Connelly, which for a short time during the 1850's had been on everybody's lips and in the columns of every newspaper, was all but forgotten.

But on Aug. 7, 1887, her nuns in England received word of the Pope's formal approbation of her original Rule. A letter from a member of the Committee of Consultors added, "Your Rule was praised unanimously by the committee as one of the very best proposed for approbation." To read it now is to discover much that made Cornelia great: her practical resolution, her tranquillity, her simplicity, and her faith.

Throughout her life ran one firm thread of continuity: a resolute love of God which began tentatively and soon consumed her, and which was bought at a greater human cost than is asked of many saints.

Today, she is a candidate for beatification. Documents are being collected for examination, and a diocesan tribunal will listen to evidence for and against her alleged sanctity. If she is a saint, she belongs to those few brave, incalculable spirits who stumble, almost by accident, into sanctity, and thereafter find it their vocation.

The man who loses his head is usually the last one to miss it.

Journal of the American Medical Association (5 July '58).

Non-Catholics are invited to submit questions about the Church. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to the Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul, 13, Minn.

What would you like to know about the Church?

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER

To the Editor: I take you up on your offer to answer a question about the faith.

Appearances tell me that Protestantism is a vital, living force in the world, here to stay. As the leading religion of the leading nation on earth, one cannot but suppose God has smiled on it. If God *has* blessed America, He has blessed it to some considerable degree through the Protestant faith. No honest person, I should think, would contest this.

But how does all this square with the claim that Catholicism is "the only true Church," and the implication that through it alone God's grace can be caught?

We're told of Christ's guarantee that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Catholic Church, and so be it. But how about this "heresy," not only prevailing but thriving?

Would you say it is operating against his will, in defiance of his wishes?

What, if you please, is the explanation you'd give a determined and fishy-eyed questioner? Ray Harvey.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

Fishy eyes are supposed to be dull and expressionless, Ray, but your question presents a sharp and lively challenge. I will admit that you are determined, because I answered a question similar to this only a few months ago, and tried to explain how it is that we Catholics can say that there is no salvation outside the Church and still hope to see our Protestant neighbors in heaven. But your question uncovers a different aspect of the problem; so I will risk repetition.

I think we can rightly say that God smiles constantly on his world, in spite of the sin and error in it; but the gracious approval in his smile is directed on struggling, erring man: upon the weak and humble people who are often guilty of sin in spite of their belief and trust in Him, and upon the sincere and righteous peo-

ple who flounder in error in spite of their love and service of Him.

However, Ray, when we look at the world so full of evils we are convinced that the Lord must frown too, constantly. But surely the deep shadow of his frown must fall on those rank injustices, immoralities, oppressions, and vicious forms of godlessness which pervade our social, political, and commercial lives, leaving only the dim fringe of it for the minor errors of Protestantism. When He looks at our own country his scowl must be centered on those worldly-minded millions who give Him no thought or reverence rather than on our errant brethren who own Him as their God, love Him as their father, fear Him as their judge, and accept his Son, Jesus Christ, as their Saviour.

I can readily agree with you that God has blessed our country, in many ways much more than He has blessed any other country of modern times; but we must be wary of the conclusion that prosperity, enlightenment, and general well-being are proof of God's approving smile. We would not jump to the same judgment because an individual happens to be wealthy, wise, and wonderful. We might know him for a devil incarnate.

Even those abundant blessings which may represent God's approving smile upon us do not necessarily come through Protestantism, and certainly not through those exclusive features of Protestantism which dis-

tinguish and separate it from Christ's true Church. They may rather come through those positive elements of Catholic doctrine and practice which Protestantism retains. But much more they probably come through those devout and sincere Protestant individuals who have strengthened our society with their natural virtues, and sanctified it with those effusions of divine grace which God makes to inhere in a deep and trusting faith, despite its defects.

You know that I am not about to gloss over Protestant errors or equate heresy with the true Church of Christ. But we must keep things in perspective. Protestantism is far from the world's worst error; it merely happens to be close at hand, where its defects stand out. Protestants believe in God; the world has many millions who ignore Him entirely. Protestants believe in immortality, with reward for the good and punishment for the wicked: a belief which gives orientation to living and sanction to sanctity.

Protestants believe in sin and redemption, doctrines which teach us humility and trust in God, and give us that sound moral strength which results from his grace. Protestants accept Jesus as their Saviour, and vast numbers of them still believe that He is verily the Son of God. They know his words, believe in the merciful merits of his death, and have that love of Him which He promised would bring Him and his Father to dwell in the lover's soul. They have

the lessons of his life to meditate and his virtues to imitate.

Most Protestants have kept as their own some of Christ's precious gifts to his Church: not only the basic truths we have mentioned but also some instruments of sanctification, especially Baptism, which produces in their children the same salutary effects it does in ours. We do not resent their making off with these treasures; it makes the Church no whit poorer and the world immensely richer.

We wish they had taken more: the Eucharist, of which they retain an imitation, and Penance, for which they profess no need. And we wish they appreciated more thoroughly some of the things they do have, like the sacrament of Matrimony, which they do not recognize as a means of grace.

Protestants have generally a sound morality, rigorous on some points, with special stress on the practical social virtues; their concepts and convictions have largely formed our national code of morality and our accepted customs of behavior. They have a traditional love of freedom, a sound sense of man's rights, and a sentimental searching for tolerance. These may cause them to discredit Christ's earthly authority and lead to indifference of doctrine, but generally they contribute to the justice and charity of social living.

The world is chock-full of various systems of thought and action which reject the supernatural entirely, see

life's only goals in material pleasures and gain, recognize in man no inherent rights, and make convenience their only moral code. Compared to them, Protestantism is a culmination of truth and sanctity.

All this restrained encomium does not detract from our firm acceptance of the doctrine that Jesus Christ established only one Church and that no other church can be that one as long as it differs and divides itself from it. The Church of Christ is his own mystical Body, an organic spiritual unity, extending itself throughout the world and the centuries, and encompassing into its sanctifying folds all the good and the bad of us who lend ourselves to its unity.

We remain organic parts of the mystical Body until we cut ourselves off by rejecting essential features of its unity: the faith which is its basic fiber, or the earthly authority established by Jesus Christ, which is the active instrument for maintaining that unity. Protestants have rejected both, the first in essential part, the second in entirety. So they have cut themselves off from the organic unity by which Christ extends Himself to his members. Having rejected the principle and instrument of unity, they have naturally become multiple.

And yet, separated as they are from the sanctifying Body of Christ, they still retain a certain subjective unity because of their good faith and sincerity. We call it a membership in the Church by desire; implicit desire, of course, because they would scorn

any explicit connection with it. But suppose that they were baptized as infants; their Baptism incorporated them into Christ and sanctified them. Only their own wilful divisive action can rupture that union.

As they grow up they become heretics by every external evidence and for every practical objective purpose. But subjectively they remain in honest error, still united to Christ in heart and desire. These bonds of union are strong and effective enough to permit the graces of Christ to flow through his Church to them, even though they are outside it.

So now you see, Ray, why I said that God may well have blessed our country because of its good Protestants, rather than because of Protestantism. These Protestants are pleasing to Him in their good faith and righteousness, and in the graces they have received through his Church.

In his mercy He is willing to overlook the fact that they have set up churches in competition with his own. He is less concerned with the errors of their institutions than with the sincerity of their hearts. Love is as important as faith. True love cannot exist without faith, but it can inhere truly and ardently in a defective faith which is deep and honest.

I agree with you, Ray, that Protestantism is a vital, living force in the world, and especially in the U.S. It seems here to stay—a very long time. But it does not share with Christ's own Church his promise that He will

remain with it all days even to the consummation of the world. There are probably two things which keep it living and strong: 1. the inherent vitality of its native heritage, and 2. its natural flexibility in accommodating itself to changing customs.

We have already spoken of the former: the many basic elements of Catholicism which the Reformation retained. And the latter is evident from a brief glance at the course of 20th-century Protestantism. As growing enlightenment has weakened its fundamentalism, it has re-thought its stand and extended its appeal. As popular customs and attitudes have changed in the face of weakening faith and economic and social demands, it has accommodated its marital and sexual morality to the trends of the times.

Such adaptability may gradually thin out its spirituality and make it indistinguishable from the secularism to which it accommodates itself. But, meanwhile, it prolongs its life and extends its popularity. When Protestantism dies the event will be un-noted; it will expire by gradual absorption.

We may rightly pray that this absorption process may be slow, and that Protestantism will continue to prevail and thrive until the integral truth can replace it. Imagine the exposed and isolated position of Catholicism if Protestantism were suddenly to disappear from America and leave its vast millions to become outright pagans or secularists.

You will hardly expect me to exclaim, "God bless Protestantism!" But I can pray fervently, Ray, that God will bless abundantly his millions of good and fervent Protestants and permit them to retain the faith and love they have.

If Protestants cannot become members of Christ's mystical Body, then let them retain their various semblances of it and their vital connection with it through their good faith and intentions.

Granted that Protestantism is a vital, living force. Granted that God has blessed our country through the positive elements in it, and through the sincere goodness of its members. Yet there is no trouble squaring all this with our doctrine that the Catholic Church is the only true Church. Here are the points implied in that doctrine.

1. No man is sanctified or saved except by the grace of God.

2. That grace was obtained for us by our Lord, Jesus Christ, especially by the merits of his death on the cross.

3. Jesus distributes his graces to us in the way He judges best. He requires some sort of union with Himself, which is grounded in faith, strengthened by hope, and enlivened by love.

4. To facilitate that union He has extended himself spiritually throughout the world, encompassing those who believe in Him in such manner that they become a part of Him—like cells of his earth-wide body. This ex-

tension of Himself is his Church. It is more than an external organization; it lives and functions spiritually, like an organism.

5. Jesus decided to sanctify and save us in accordance with our human nature, keeping in mind our body as well as our soul. He knew that our normal way of learning was through sight, touch, and hearing; that we are most impressed, moved, and influenced by those things which affect our senses. That we are social creatures, dependent one on the other, learning and teaching, helping and influencing each other.

As He came to teach, so He sent others to teach in his name. As He came to sanctify, so He gave others powers and instruments of sanctifying. To be more exact, it is He who sanctifies through their ministry; they bring souls into effective union with Him.

6. Since the Church which Jesus established is his own mystical Body, it must have that unity essential to a living body. He gave it authority to teach in his name and required that all accept its teachings; He would not have it teaching a hundred diversities of doctrines all in his name. He promised to remain with it all days: He does not split Himself among a hundred contradicting groups.

As a matter of historical fact Jesus established only one Church. By its nature it may grow and proliferate, but never cast off distinct and separate organisms which share its life. Since Jesus established it as his own

means of salvation, and established no other, it must be the only means. Who else but He, the author of sanctity, can authorize means of sharing his sanctity?

Along with these truths we remain aware that God in his love and goodness desires the salvation of all men; that God in his justice will damn no man unless he personally deserves and demands it. So we believe that He must find some way of sharing his graces and blessings with men of honesty, sincerity, and good will.

Since He has established no other means of salvation but his Church, this sharing must be through the Church. So these men of good will must have some connection with his Church. We believe that their good faith provides such connection, that their desire of salvation becomes a channel of grace, by way of the Church, and that their love of God becomes a bond of union with Him, but not despite the Church.

So on the basis of that, and at the risk of offense, we may say that God blesses Protestantism because of its connection with his Church, and that He would bless it more if its connection were closer; and that He blesses Protestants because their

errors are honest. If they knew better it would be too bad—unless they also conformed.

And now I shall risk being more offensive as I try to answer your next question: how do I account for all the prevailing and thriving of this "heresy"? Read Matthew 13, 29-30: shall the weeds be uprooted? "No, lest in gathering the weeds you root up the wheat along with them. Let both grow together until the harvest." If Protestantism were suddenly eradicated in the U. S. it might leave only the infectious fallow of atheism.

And now for your final question! Will a determined and fishy-eyed questioner accept a yes-and-no answer? Does Protestantism operate against God's will? Yes, insofar as it is divergent from the true Church of Christ, disruptive of the organic unity of Christ's mystical Body, and contradictory to his express wishes that they all be one. No, insofar as it represents the honest belief of sincere men who use it to worship God in accordance with their own sincere conscience, and are much better than they would be without the salvaged truths and purloined sacraments which it gives them.



IN THE BAG

A Midwestern politician was being interviewed by reporters. "Have you any comment on Formosa?" one of them asked.

"Formosa?" shouted the politician. "Formosa? Say, you can tell your readers that I'll carry Formosa by at least 2,000 votes!"

Newsweek (5 May '58).

The Steadfast Man

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

ON MARCH 17 each year New York becomes the kingdom of St. Patrick. An endless parade swings past the saint's cathedral, where a prince of the Church and the mayor of the world's greatest city stand watching.

The same scenes are repeated the world over with more or less pomp and circumstance; for the Irish, whether at home or of the dispersion, love their saint and praise his name.

Legends have clustered about the name of Patrick. Many of them embody wishful thinking or high brag. Many of them are cruel or ridiculous. Many are repetitions of old pagan tales sung by harpers at the fire-lit courts of kings, long before Ireland had a written language. Thus, this saint, though famed, is unknown.

But numerous fascinating questions about St. Patrick are answered by Paul Gallico in his splendid new biography, *The Steadfast Man*. We are fortunate that Gallico went through the winnowing task so necessary to the writing of such a life. We are blessed that his writing has evocative qualities that make everything he sets down memorable and colorful.

We all know the majestic marble statue of the imperious, long-bearded bishop with the writhing snakes under his feet. That "figure is as cold and empty as the stone from which it was carved," says Gallico. "Not once has any modern artist attempted to create a figure that would symbolize the God-given dynamic force of the man, or the lightnings of the spirit that flashed from the rough-garbed monk that was Patrick."

He was "a man of medium but not imposing height, tough, wiry, well-knit and well-muscled as only a man could be who had come through six years of slavery outdoors in every kind of weather; whose activities included riding over miles of tracks and bumpy roads in springless chariots, marching long distances, assisting in the building operations of his churches; and who, outside of one nosebleed and an occasional lost tooth, never reported a day sick."

The qualities in a man which are universally attractive to both men and women are strength, character, nobility, and command rather than beauty, Gallico points out, observing that when Patrick talked about his love for Christ and God, he must have been as beautiful and compel-

ling as any man who ever walked the face of the earth.

"Indications are that he was not bearded," Gallico goes on. "The Roman clergy of his day were smooth-shaven. His tonsure was the Roman corona, a manner of cutting the hair of the clergy in imitation of Christ's crown of thorns, which is still practiced today in certain monastic Orders. The head is shaved bald in the center, leaving a ring of hair. The long robes and bishop's vestments in which he is usually depicted were ceremonial garbs donned for the celebration of the Eucharist, or when he went to confer with kings.

"But they were hardly practical for trekking over wild country, rough moorland terrain, and muddy tracks in the *fochaa* or 'chief seat' of a two-wheeled chariot in all kinds of Irish weather, even though the vehicle was equipped with an awning or hood overhead. Patrick's garb was probably a combination of the Irish and continental monastic. He would have found the tight Irish trousers or *trews*, which descended from hips to ankle, useful in the field, even though later there appeared a canon in the Irish Church forbidding the clergy to wear those close-fitting trousers. A simple shirt or tunic would have encased the upper part of his body, either of bleached linen, or saffron dyed, which was the Irish custom, and over all the monk's robe with cowl of undyed wool, in gray, or bleached white."

His hands would have been rough

and calloused, the biographer infers, for they were no strangers to the tools of digging and building, particularly if Patrick were a monastery-trained missionary, which seems evident from his immediate establishment of the monastic system in Ireland.

"He had an unlimited supply of energy and drive, which exhausted and left behind his less zealous and selfless companions," says Gallico. "But he drove no one harder than he drove himself. He appeared to have had a body of iron. Toward the end of his life it must have exhibited a mass of scars from chariot spills and accidents which were unavoidable—ambuscades and plots against his life, captures and beatings and the chafings of gyves and irons with which he was bound, types of which may be seen today in the national museum in Dublin. Only a physically powerful and fit human being could have survived such hardships. He seemed to be immune to pain, imperturbable in the face of threats, and a stranger to ease or comfort."

With vivid realism, Gallico answers other misapprehensions of Ireland's saint. This is a book to savor and re-read, for it will make you love St. Patrick and teach you to appreciate the clean steel of which saints are made.

The Steadfast Man is published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, N.Y. It is an indexed, 238-page volume priced at \$3.95 (to C. D. Book Club members, only \$2.95). See announcement on page 128.



Magazines for Missioners

BACK OVER SEVERAL years, say about 15 or 20, every once in a while I used to put a notice in this magazine about missionaries. That is what we called them then. Now, having lost a syllable, they are known as missioners.

They are rather nice, these missioners: young American kids who wanted just about the toughest job in the good book. Usually they got it.

I remember one. Back 20 years or so ago, when *THE DIGEST* started, I was a professor of Latin in the little seminary here in St. Paul.

One of the kids in my Latin class was a white-faced little fellow named Dick McMonigal. Normally, he would have become a priest of the Archdiocese of St. Paul. But he thought that would be too easy. So he left for Maryknoll.

About ten years later, I got a letter from Dick that started out, "Remember me? I used to suffer in your Latin class; and look at me now, down here in Bolivia, trying to show Bolivians how to be Catholics."

Those of you who have persisted in reading this magazine for the last ten years may remember that I published several of his letters as articles. One of them was about transportation in Bolivia. Everyone went on a burro, but Dick had a motorcycle.

Last year he came home to Minnesota, filled with cancer, and died the day after he got here.

Now the point of this, if there is a point, is that several times in the last ten years I have said in this magazine that if you wished to *re-mail* your copy of *THE DIGEST* to a missioner, you should write to me, and I'd send you the name and address of one.

I think that was partly a mistake. It is fine to re-mail copies. People like Dick can give them to the occasional Bolivian who knows English. But people like Dick ought not be given secondhand copies several months late. He deserved the best, and so do all the other 2,913 American kids who have become priests and have gone to Bolivia and India and Africa and every other place in the world.

The least we can do, if they want to read *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*, is to send them clean, fresh, current copies. Or, the least you can do. I have the names of the 2,913 missioners. If you wish to get into the act, send me \$3 for a year's subscription. Tell me also if you wish me to tell the missioner your name, so that a guy like Dick can write you a thank-you letter from Bolivia or wherever.

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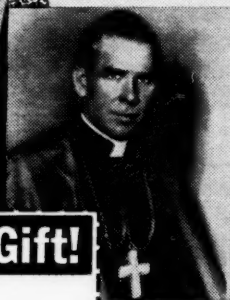
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